

Bible. - Old Test. - Hebrew

P S A L M^s

CAREFULLY

SUITED AND APPLIED

TO THE

CHRISTIAN STATE and WORSHIP;

DESIGNED

As an IMPROVEMENT on the OLD VERSIONS

OF THE

HEBREW PSALTER.

*All Things must be fulfilled which were written in
the — Psalms concerning me; Luke 24, 44.*

D U B L I N :

Printed by J. A. HUSBAND, in *Coghill's-Court*,
Dame-street. And sold by A. EWING, in *Dame-*
street, W. SLEATER, on *Cork-bill*, and T. and
J. WHITEHOUSE, in *Parliament-street*, Book-
sellers. M.DCC.LXV.

[Price 2s. 8d. $\frac{1}{2}$]

P. S. A. L. M. S.

UNIVERSITY AND MUSEUM

CHURCHILL STREET AND MUSEUM

THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD



THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

CHURCHILL STREET AND MUSEUM

THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

CHURCHILL STREET AND MUSEUM

THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

CHURCHILL STREET AND MUSEUM

THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

CHURCHILL STREET AND MUSEUM

P R E F A C E.

IT is acknowledged by many good Judges of Poetry, who have been at Pains to study the *sacred* Text, that the Book of Psalms, in its *original* Dress, is a Collection of the most *spirited*, *beautiful* and *elegant* Pieces to be met with in any Language. Among the many Attempts to translate it into Verse, in our *own* Tongue, those have succeeded best, which are most expressive of the *Piety*, *Dignity* and *poetic Excellence* of the Original. Some Versions there are, which confessedly have little, if any, of the *Elegance* and *Spirit* of it. Of this Sort, particularly, is the obsolete Version by *Sternbold* and *Hopkins*: To remove the Complaint against which, Mr. *Rouse's* was authorised to be sung in Churches, about one hundred and twenty Years ago; which is the one yet used in *Scotland*, and in all the Congregations belonging to the Synod of *Ulster* in this Kingdom; a few only excepted. But as there are later Versions of a *modern* and more *pleasing* Form, and, in every Respect, better calculated to answer the noble Purposes of *Psalmody*; the Protestant Dissenters in *England* have generally adopted one or other of them: And the *Southern* Congregations *here* use Collections which some of their Ministers have made out of those several Versions. *We* have too high a respect and regard for these Gentlemen, to mean any Thing in the least disparaging to what they have done, by what is now offered to public View; but as it has

been long wished that something might be undertaken, by way of a Reform of Mr. *Rouse's* Psalms, that would bid fair for a favourable Reception, at least in the Congregations to which we stand more *immediately* related; and as we are sensible, the Devotion of a Christian Worshipper can never be sufficiently expressed, in Forms of a darker Dispensation, where the *Hebrew* Composer is only *englished*, and still made to retain his own *personal* and *peculiar* Characters, or Affairs of the *Jews*, in which we are uninterested: And as even in those Psalms, where *Messiah* is foretold, he is not *explicitly* noticed, but still left veiled in *prophetic* Obscurity; notwithstanding the many Quotations from them in the New Testament concerning him; we thought it necessary, that in so *heavenly* a Part of Worship as addressing God in praise is, our Affections should have a *Property* and *Interest* in the Words, so as to keep them lively and elevated, suitably to our *own* State and Circumstances, and the *clearer* Dispensation we live under. This is a Point we look on as far from being unimportant, and which, we hope, will be found to be carefully attended to in the following Psalms; which, as we humbly conceive, is by no Means the Case of any Version we have met with, where the *entire* Number in the *Hebrew* Psalter is retained.

There are, no Doubt, several Psalms, which scarcely have any Thing in them *peculiar* to David or the Jews; but these, on a Comparison are very few in Number. We know not that there are more than twenty five, or twenty six, which a *sensible* Christian can allow himself to sing: And even in most of these, some Parts must be left out; which puts a troublesome Task on him who appoints the Verses, and miserably *cramps* the Exercise of those *sacred* Passions which want larger Room to expand themselves in *religious Praise*.

And

P R E F A C E.

v

And shall *redeeming Love*, and all the glorious Privileges and Advantages which flow from it, in which we are so much interested, be *disregarded* and left *unsung*, and the Peculiarities of the *Jewish* State and Service be *so much* suffered to employ our Lips and Tongues; which ought ever to express the Heart and Sense of the Worshipper? Sure every unprejudiced Person, who seriously considers the Matter, must see the Impropriety and Error of such a Practice.

The same Reason holds for our Sentiments and Expressions being *evangelical*, equally in *one* Part of Worship as in *another*. If it be just and necessary, that respect should be had to *Christ's* Gospel in Sermons and Prayers, we are at a Loss for a Reason, why Psalmody should not be performed in a Way agreeable to the glorious Dispensation we live under; not in the dark Language of Types, and *Jewish*, abrogated Forms. What Pleasure and Joy in praising God, when the Words of the Psalm express the *Mind* and *Heart*, and when the pious Worshipper speaks his *own* Faith and Love, Hopes and Desires! What Pity, that the pleasing *Melody* should entirely be lost at once, and the Soul untuned and discomposed by the Intervention of dark Sayings, legal Offerings, New-Moons, Trumpets and Timbrels! With what Justness or Devotion can the *Christian* sing of *burnt Sacrifices of Fatlings*, and of the *Incense of Rams*? Of being *sprinkled with Hyssop*, or repairing to the *Blood of Bulls and Goats*? Of *binding his Sacrifice with Cords to the Horns of an Altar*? Or of raising his Voice in praising God to *high sounding Cymbals*? How can he say, he will praise him on an *Harp* or *Psaltery*, or on an *Instrument of ten Strings*? How, in his Psalmody, can he allow himself to speak sometimes as a King? sometimes as a Warrior? sometimes as a Shepherd? sometimes as a Musician?

and to make all the *Psalmist's* Sins and Sorrows, Enemies, Victories, and *personal* Resentments his own?

Christianity is a Dispensation of *pleasing* Hope, and of *free* and *generous* Love; and the Spirit it breaths is a Spirit of *Mildness*, *Charity* and *Peace*; agreeable to the gracious Intention of its divine Author, who came to *save*, not to *destroy*. And we think that our Songs of praise should contain Sentiments answerable thereunto, and adapted to our *Spiritual* Worship; without being bound to Words which can never be *justly* used by us in their own Sense and Meaning.

But though the *Matter* and *Style* of the Psalter or Book of Psalms, a major Part of which *only* can be given to *David*, is by no Means admitted as proper to be sung *indiscriminately* in *Christian Churches*; yet we firmly hold and believe it is a most useful and important Part of God's Word, both for Faith and Practice; and an excellent and divine *Pattern* of Songs of praise under the Gospel-Dispensation. Accordingly we have not only taken it as our Pattern in the following Psalms, but every Thing *devotional* in it is carefully retained, and an *evangelic* Turn given to such Words and Sentences as would not otherwise be consistent with our *Design*; which, agreeable to the Title-Page, was to suit and apply the Psalms to the *Christian State* and Worship.

We are not insensible of the *Force* of Prejudices *early* imbibed; and know that it is a *popular* Objection against every Attempt of this Kind, that as the Scripture Psalms were given by Inspiration, and as the Version to which our Churches have been so long accustomed, is, in a Manner, *one* and the *same* with them, it should *still* continue to be used by us. But the Objectors do not consider how far *Mr. Rouse* was obliged to depart from the Psalms,

Psalms, as they lie in our *Bibles*, when he turned them into Rhyme. But supposing his Version to be still *more exact* than really it is, it would be no Argument for the Use of them; but the contrary; as the *Judaisms*, if possible, must be still more rigidly expressed, and the new Testament Applications the same Way unregarded. Besides, if these *Psalms* must be sung in Christian Assemblies, in the exactest Form can be supposed, because they were *inspired* by God; might it not as well be said, on the Foot of the same Argument, that the whole System of the *Jewish* Worship should be adopted by us, it being altogether inspired and appointed by him? This seems very much to be the Argument the *Judaizing* Christians made use of, in the *apostolic* Age, who were for blending the Religion of *Christ* with that of *Moses*. But we should be mindful of the Warnings which are so frequently and earnestly given us in Scripture against a *Judaizing* Spirit in *Worship* as well as in *Doctrine*. And as the *new Testament* must be allowed to be of immediate Inspiration from God as well as the *old*, and a *clearer* and more *glorious* Dispensation, we know no Reason why we should not praise him, in the Language of it, suitably to our State and Cases as *Christians*. And may we not well suppose that *David* himself would have done so, had he lived in the Gospel-Times?

In compiling this Book a particular Regard has been had to Dr. *Watts's Psalms of David imitated*: And our best Endeavours have been used to take in every Thing *good* we could find in the several Versions. A great deal of our *own* is interspersed, where an *evangelic* turn was wanting; sometimes a whole Psalm, where a certain kind of Metre was required; or where we thought the Subject might be more advantageously treated. There are no
Hymns

Hymns added, at the End, for the Celebration of the Lord's Supper, as there are several of the following Psalms which, in our Apprehension, will sufficiently Answer that important Purpose. But there is a copious Index subjoined, in order to find Psalms suited to particular Subjects and Occasions. It will be easily observed, that Liberty has been taken by us, as has also been done by others, to transpose and alter Words, Lines and Verses through the whole, to secure our *general* Design. In a Word, nothing has been *knowingly* omitted by us, that promised, in the least, to contribute to render the Book useful.

It may not be improper to take notice, that as we chose to proceed in this Affair *regularly*, as Members of the *Synod* already mentioned, our Manuscripts, at one of their annual Meetings, were shewed to them; when a *special* Committee was appointed to examine them; which Committee being pleased to give in a *favourable* Report, the Compilers in Consequence thereof, were honoured with the public Thanks of that *very respectable* Body, and afterwards had Liberty given them, to make Use of these Psalms in their respective Congregations.

But after all has been done, we are apt enough to think, that the Book will require the Reader's *Favour* and *Candor*; not being so vain as to imagine, that it is entirely without Faults. But we hope to have this Piece of Justice done to us, that no one will censure, before he peruse it.

Singing, without reading the Lines, would be of great Benefit and Use both to the *Harmony* and *Meaning* of the Psalms: Which is the Method used in *foreign* Protestant Churches, by many also in *England*, and in some few with us; and would answer a valuable End in Congregations that could conveniently fall into it.

P R E F A C E.

ix

If the Devotion of *Christians* be assisted by these Psalms, in praising God, suitably to the *Gospel-State* and *Worship*, which should be had principally in View in this *delightful* Part of our Service, and which must yield a *sacred Pleasure* and *Joy* far superior to any Thing that can be felt from the Use of *obsolete* Words, and *Jewish* Sense; if this End be happily gained, it will abundantly recompense that *Industry*, which, we hope, the *unprejudiced* will readily allow to have been laudable in the Compilers,

Dublin, 23d. Feb.
1765.

Chas. Collins
Thom. Vance

ADVERTISEMENT.

WITH respect to the Measures of Verse in this Book;

The common Tunes are to be sung to all entitled *Common Metre*. To the Tunes of the C Psalm sing all entitled *Long Metre*.

To *Southwell*, or other Tunes like to it, sing all entitled *Short Metre*.

The CXLVIII Psalm hath a fine *old Tune* of its own.

The CXIII Psalm hath also its *proper* Tune. But *Oxford* Tune might be sung to it, as to the other Measures consisting of six Lines.

A N
IMPROVED VERSION
O F T H E
P S A L M S.

P S A L M I. Common Metre.

*The way and end of the righteous and the
wicked.*

- 1 **B**LEST is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffers seat.
- 2 The perfect law of God he loves
And makes his chief delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day
And meditates by night.
- 3 He, like a tree, from living streams,
Derives his kindly juice;
His boughs are ever fresh and green
And fairest fruits produce.
- 4 Not so the impious and unjust:
What vain designs they form!
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff before the storm.
- 5 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Among the sons of grace;
Their guilt shall strike the wicked dumb
Before their judge's face.

B

6 For

- 6 For God approves the just man's ways,
 To happiness they tend:
 But the broad paths that sinners tread
 In sure destruction end.

P S A L M II. Common Metre.

*The kingdom of Christ, and an application to
 the nobles of the earth to embrace it.*

- 1 **W**HY do the heathen nations rage
 And foolish things surmise?
 Kings set themselves against their God,
 Rulers his Christ despise.
- 2 His gentle government their yoke,
 His laws they count their chain;
 Freedom they claim without controul,
 No bands can them restrain.
- 3 But God who sits enthron'd on high,
 And sees how they combine;
 Does their conspiring strength despise,
 And mocks their vain design.
- 4 My king I have ordain'd, saith he,
 And will maintain him still,
 Inthron'd in glorious dignity,
 On Sion's sacred hill.
- 5 Attend, O earth, whilst I declare
 The uncontrol'd decree;
 Thou art my son, this day, my heir
 I have begotten thee.
- 6 Ask me, my son, and then enjoy
 The utmost heathen lands:
 Thy rod of iron shall destroy
 The rebel that withstands.

P S A L M II.

3

- 7 Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,
 Revere this holy Lord;
 Adore this king of heav'nly birth,
 And tremble at his word.
- 8 With humble love address his throne,
 For if he frown ye die:
 But those are safe, and those alone,
 Who on his grace rely.

P S A L M II. Short Metre.

- 1 **W**HY did the Gentiles rage,
 And Jews with one accord
 Bend all their counsels to destroy
 Th' anointed of the Lord?
- 2 Rulers and kings agree
 To form a vain design:
 Against the Lord their pow'rs unite,
 Against his Christ combine.
- 3 The Lord derides their rage,
 And will support his throne;
 He rais'd him from the dead, and claims
 Him as his only son.
- 4 Now, in exalted state,
 He asks the heathen lands;
 And earth's remotest ends receive
 The Saviour's mild commands.
- 5 Be wise, ye rulers, now,
 And worship at his throne;
 With trembling joy, ye people, bow
 To God's exalted Son.

B 2

6 If

- 6 If once his wrath arise
 Ye perish on the place;
 But happy is the soul that flies
 For refuge, to his grace.

P S A L M III. Common Metre.

Doubts and fears suppress.

- 1 **M**Y God, how many are my fears,
 How fast my foes encrease!
 Conspiring my eternal death,
 They break my present peace.
- 2 The lying tempter would persuade
 There's no relief in heav'n,
 And all my swelling sins appear
 Too great to be forgiv'n.
- 3 But thou, my glory and my strength,
 Shalt on the tempter, tread;
 Shalt silence all my threat'ning guilt,
 And raise my drooping head.
- 4 I cry'd, and from his holy hill
 He bow'd a list'ning ear:
 My Father and my God I call'd,
 And he subdu'd my fear.
- 5 What tho' the hosts of death and hell
 All arm'd against me stand,
 Terrors no more shall shake my soul,
 My refuge is at hand.
- 6 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
 His arm alone can save.
 Blessings attend his people here,
 And reach beyond the grave.

P S A L M

P S A L M III.

5

P S A L M III. Long Metre.

A Morning Psalm.

- 1 **O** Lord, how num'rous are our foes
In this weak state of flesh and blood!
Our peace they daily discompose:
But our defence and hope is God.
- 2 Tir'd with the burthens of the day
To thee we rais'd our ev'ning cry:
Thine ears are open when we pray,
And thine Almighty help is nigh.
- 3 Supported by thine heav'nly aid,
We laid us down and slept secure,
God once our friend, we need not fear
Tho' we should sleep and rise no more.
- 4 Our God sustain'd us all the night;
Salvation doth to him belong:
Our head he rais'd to see the light,
And make his praise our morning song.

P S A L M IV. Common Metre.

Hope in God.

- 1 **L**ET sacred awe possess your souls,
From wicked ways depart;
Calmly, alone, your actions weigh
And commune with your heart.
- 2 The place of legal sacrifice
Let righteousness supply;
And let your hope, securely fix'd,
On God alone rely.
- 3 While groveling minds impatient say,
Give us some earthly good;

- Thy glad'ning beams on us display,
 Fill us with heav'nly food.
- 4 Then shall our hearts o'erflow with joys
 Substantial and divine;
 Superior far to theirs whose stores
 Abound with corn and wine.
- 5 Down will we lie in peace, and sleep
 Shall close our weary'd eyes;
 No fears disturb us, for we know
 In God our safety lies.

P S A L M IV. Long Metre.

God our portion, and Christ our hope.

- 1 **O** GOD of love and righteousness!
 Hear and attend when we complain;
 Thou hast enlarg'd us in distress;
 Bow down a gracious ear again.
- 2 Ye sons of men, in vain ye try
 To turn his glory into shame;
 How long will scoffers love to lie,
 And dare reproach a Saviour's name?
- 3 Know, that the Lord divides his saints
 From all the tribes of men beside;
 He hears the cry of penitents;
 For such the great Redeemer dy'd.
- 4 When our obedient hands have done
 A thousand works of righteousness,
 We put our trust in God alone
 And glory in his pard'ning grace.
- 5 Let the unthinking many say,
 Who will bestow some earthly good?

To

P S A L M V.

7

To us thy gracious love display
Our souls desire this heav'nly food.

- 6 Then shall our active pow'rs rejoice
At grace and favour so divine,
Nor will we change our happy choice
For all their corn and all their wine.

P S A L M V. Common Metre.

For the Lord's-day morning.

- 1 **L**ORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
Our voice ascending high,
To thee we will direct our pray'r,
To thee lift up our cry.
- 2 Up to the heav'ns where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Lord, thy pure nature never can
In wickedness delight;
Fools that presumptuously offend
Are banish'd from thy sight.
- 4 But to thy house we will resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
We will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.
- 5 O may thy spirit guide our feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make ev'ry path of duty strait
And plain before our face.
- 6 The men that love and fear thy name,
Shall see their hopes fulfill'd;

The

8 P S A L M VI.

The mighty God will compass them
With favour as a shield.

- 7 Therefore we will the righteous ways
Of Providence proclaim;
We'll hear his word, and sing his praise
And celebrate his name.

P S A L M V. Long Metre.

- 1 **L**ORD, weigh our thoughts, a gentle ear
To these our meditations lend:
O God, our supplications hear,
When to thy throne our cries ascend.
- 2 Our pray'r, when shines the morning light,
Shall to thy name directed be;
Fervent and holy in thy sight;
For evil cannot dwell with thee.
- 3 Our hearts, thy many mercies move;
Up to thy Temple to resort;
Fill'd with thy fear and holy love,
To worship in thy sacred court.
- 4 With songs of praise, we will express
Thy favour which on us descends;
Those that him trust the Lord doth bless,
And with his saving shield defends.

P S A L M VI. Common Metre.

Complaint in sickness, or diseases healed.

- 1 **I**N anger, Lord, rebuke me not,
Withdraw the threat'ning storm;
Nor let thy hand be lifted up
Against a feeble worm.

P S A L M VI.

9

- 2 My soul is sunk with heavy cares,
My flesh with pain opprest:
My couch is witness to my tears;
My tears forbid my rest.
- 3 Sorrow and pain wear out my days,
I waste the night with cries,
Counting the minutes as they pass,
'Till the slow morn arise.
- 4 Thy wonted goodness, Lord, repeat,
And ease my troubled soul;
O, for thy wond'rous mercy sake,
Vouchsafe to make me whole.
- 5 Depart ye wicked, in my fears
Ye shall no more rejoice;
For God, I find, accepts my tears,
And listens to my voice.
- 6 The virtue of his sov'reign word
Restores my fainting breath;
For silent graves praise not the Lord,
Nor is he known in death.

P S A L M VI. Long Metre.

Temptations in affliction overcome.

- 1 **L**ORD, we can suffer thy rebukes,
When thou with kindness dost chastise;
But thy dread frowns we cannot bear;
O let them not against us rise.
- 2 Pity our languishing estate,
And ease the sorrows that we feel;
The wounds thine awful hand has made
O let thy gentler touches heal.

3 Look,

- 3 Look, how the pow'rs of nature mourn!
 How long, Almighty Lord, how long!
 When shall thine hour of grace return?
 When shall we make thy grace our song?
- 4 Depart, temptations, from our mind,
 And all despairing thoughts depart;
 Our God, who hears each humble moan,
 Will ease our flesh and chear our heart.

P S A L M VII. Common Metre.

*God's care of his people, and punishment of
 their enemies.*

- 1 **S**INCE we, Almighty Lord, have plac'd
 Our trust alone in thee;
 Thy pow'r from persecutor's rage,
 Will surely set us free.
- 2 Arise, Omnipotent, arise,
 In our defence engage,
 Exalt thine arm above our foes
 And their insulting rage.
- 3 Let sinners and their feeble wrath,
 Be humbled to the dust.
 The God of hosts will still appear
 To vindicate the just.
- 4 He knows the heart, he tries the reins;
 That judgment he'll dispense,
 Which he hath righteously ordain'd
 For injur'd innocence.
- 5 Therefore we will the blameless acts
 Of Providence proclaim,
 We'll sing the praise of God most high,
 And glorious make his name.

P S A L M VIII.

11

P S A L M VIII. Common Metre.

*The glory of God manifested in man's creation
and redemption.*

- 1 **O**LORD, our Lord, how wond'rous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heav'nly state
Let men and babes proclaim.
- 2 When heav'n, thy beauteous work on high,
Employs our wond'ring sight;
The moon that well adorns the sky,
With stars of feebler light:
- 3 What's man, we say, or all his race,
Who dwell so far below,
That thou should'st visit him with grace,
Or love his nature so?
- 4 That thine eternal son should bear
To take our mortal form,
Made lower than his angels are,
To save a dying worm!
- 5 Let him be crown'd with majesty,
Who bow'd his head to death;
And be his honors founded high,
By all things that have breath.
- 6 Jesus, our Lord, how wond'rous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heav'nly state
Let the whole earth proclaim.

P S A L M

P S A L M VIII. Long Metre.

Youth praising God.

ALMIGHTY ruler of the skies,
 Thro' the wide earth thy name is
 And thy eternal glories rise [spread;
 O'er all the works thy hands have made!

- 2 To thee the voices of the young
 A monument of honor raise;
 And babes, with uninstructed tongue,
 Declare the wonders of thy praise.
- 3 Thy pow'r assists their tender age
 To bring proud rebels to the ground,
 To still the bold blasphemers rage,
 And all their policies confound.
- 4 Children into thy churches throng,
 To hear their great Redeemer's grace;
 The son of David is their song,
 And young Hosannahs fill the place.
- 5 Almighty Ruler of the skies!
 Thro' the wide earth thy name is spread,
 And thy eternal glories rise
 O'er all the works thy hands have made.

P S A L M IX. Common Metre.

God's wisdom and equity.

- 1 TO celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
 We will our hearts prepare;
 To all the list'ning world thy works,
 Thy wond'rous works declare!

2 The

- 2 The thought of them shall to our soul
Exalted pleasures bring;
Whilst to thy name, O thou most high!
Triumphant praise we sing.
- 3 The Lord for ever lives, he hath
His righteous throne prepar'd,
Impartial justice to dispense,
To punish or reward.
- 4 God is a constant sure defence
Against oppressing rage;
As troubles rise his needful aids
In our behalf engage.
- 5 The men who know his name will trust
In his abundant grace:
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the just
Who humbly sought his face.
- 6 Sing praises, therefore, to the Lord,
From Sion his abode;
Proclaim his deeds, 'till all the world
Confess no other God.

P S A L M X. Common Metre.

Deliverance for the oppressed.

- 1 **T**HY presence why withdraw'st thou,
And why conceal thy face, [Lord,
When great calamities appear,
And times of deep distress?
- 2 Lord, shall the wicked still deride
Thy justice and thy pow'r?
Shall they exalt their heads in pride,
And still thy saints devour?

C

3 They

3 They put thy judgments from their sight
And then insult the poor;
They boast in their exalted height,
That they shall fall no more.

4 But thou, O Lord, thine arm exalt,
Attend our humble cry;
The orphan, and the helpless poor
On thee for aid rely.

5 Why should the sons of malice rage,
And say, with foolish pride,
The God of heav'n will ne'er engage
To fight on virtue's side?

6 But thou wilt humble suppliants hear,
Who to thy throne repair;
Thou who dost form our hearts to pray,
And then accept'st the pray'r.

7 Let tyrants proud no more oppress,
No more despise the just:
Let mighty sinners all confess
Themselves but feeble dust.

P S A L M XI. Common Metre.

God's care of the righteous and punishment of the wicked.

1 SINCE I have plac'd my trust in God,
A refuge always nigh,
Why should I, like a tim'rous bird,
To distant mountains fly?

2 Behold, the wicked bend their bow,
And ready fix their dart,
Lurking in ambush to destroy
The man of upright heart.

3 When

- 3 When once the firm assurance fails
Which public faith imparts,
'Tis time for innocence to fly
From such deceitful arts.
- 4 The Lord hath both a temple here,
And righteous throne above,
Whence he surveys the sons of men,
And how their counsels move.
- 5 If God the righteous, whom he loves,
For trial doth correct,
What must the sons of violence,
Whom he abhors, expect?
- 6 Snarcs, fire and brimstone on their heads
Shall in one tempest show'r,
This dreadful mixture his just wrath
Into their cup shall pour.
- 7 He ever will mens righteous deeds
With signal favour grace;
And to the upright soul disclose
The brightness of his face.

P S A L M XI. Long Metre.

- 1 **S**INCE I have plac'd my trust in God,
A refuge that is always nigh;
Why should I, like the trembling dove,
To distant woods or mountains fly?
- 2 Behold, the wicked bend their bow,
And fit their arrows on the string,
And aim from lurking places take,
Swift ruin on th' upright to bring.
- 3 'Tis well the Lord doth sit on high
Whence he surveys the world below;

From him no counsels are conceal'd,
His eye-lids search the spirit thro'.

- 4 If he afflicts his saints so far,
To prove their love and try their grace;
What may the bold transgressors fear?
His very soul abhors their ways.
- 5 He on the wicked snares shall rain,
Torments and vengeful tempests pour,
Brimstone and raging fire commix'd,
Sad portion! shall th' unjust devour.
- 6 The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,
Whose thoughts and actions are sincere,
And with a gracious eye beholds
Those that his lovely image bear.

P S A L M XII. Common Metre.

*Sins of the tongue complained of, and the
good man's safety and hope notwithstanding
the wickedness and malice of his enemies.*

- 1 **H**ELP, Lord, for men of virtue fail,
Religion loses ground;
The sons of violence prevail,
And treacheries abound.
- 2 Their oaths and promises they break,
Yet act the flatterer's part;
With fair deceitful lips they speak,
And with a double heart.
- 3 But lips with base deceit so fraught,
Can never prosper long,
Thy vengeance surely will confound
The proud blaspheming tongue.

- 4 God ever hears his suff'ring poor,
And their oppression knows,
And will arise to plead their cause
'Gainst them that are their foes.
- 5 His word from all deceit is free,
His truth hath long been try'd,
Silver is not more pure and bright,
Though seven times purify'd.
- 6 The faithful promise he hath made,
Through ages shall endure,
And all who in him do confide,
Shall find his promise sure.

P S A L M XIII. Common Metre.

A prayer for mercy and help.

- 1 **H**OW long wilt thou conceal thy face?
My God, how long delay?
When shall I feel those heavenly rays
That chase my fears away?
- 2 How long shall my poor lab'ring soul
Wrestle and toil in vain?
Thy word can all my foes controul,
And ease my raging pain.
- 3 O Lord my God, consider well,
And answer to me make;
Mine eyes enlighten, lest the sleep
Of death me overtake.
- 4 Restore me lest they proudly boast
'Twas their own strength o'ercame;
Permit them not that vex my soul,
To triumph in my shame!

- 5 And since I still my confidence
Have plac'd upon thy word,
I trust my heart shall yet rejoice
In thy salvation, Lord.
- 6 Then shall my song, with praise inspir'd,
To thee, my God, ascend,
Who to thy servant, in distress,
Such bounty did'st extend.

P S A L M XIII. Long Metre.

Hope in distress.

- 1 **H**OW long, O Lord, shall I complain
Like one who seeks his God in vain?
Can'st thou thy face for ever hide?
And I still pray and be deny'd?
- 2 Shall I for ever be forgot?
As one whom thou regardest not?
Still shall my soul thine absence mourn?
And still despair of thy return?
- 3 How long shall my poor troubled breast
Be with these anxious thoughts oppress'd?
And Satan, my malicious foe,
Rejoice to see me sunk so low?
- 4 Hear Lord, and grant me quick relief,
Before my death conclude my grief;
If thou with-hold thy heav'nly light,
I sleep in everlasting night.
- 5 How will the pow'rs of darkness boast
If but one praying soul be lost?
But I have trusted in thy grace,
And shall again behold thy face.

- 6 What'er my fears or foes suggest,
 Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
 My heart shall feel thy joy and raise
 A chearful voice to songs of praise.

P S A L M XIV. Common Metre.

All men are sinners.

FOOLS in their hearts believe and say,
 That all religion's vain,
 There is no God that reigns on high,
 Or minds th' affairs of men.

- 2 Upon mens sons the lord from Heav'n
 Did cast his eye abroad,
 To see if any understood,
 And did seek after God.

- 3 They altogether hateful are,
 Their practice all the same;
 There's none that fears his Maker's hand,
 There's none that loves his name.

- 4 So senseless are these sinners grown,
 That they God's saints devour,
 And never worship at his throne,
 Nor fear his awful power.

- 5 Such seeds of sin, that bitter root,
 In ev'ry heart is found,
 Nor can they bear diviner fruit
 'Till grace refine the ground.

- 6 O that the joyful day were come
 To finish our disgrace!
 When God shall bring his children home,
 Our songs shall never cease.

P S A L M XV. Common Metre.

The character of the man whom God loves.

- 1 **L**ORD, who's the happy man that may
To thy blest courts repair,
Not stranger like to visit them,
But to inhabit there.
- 2 'Tis he, whose ev'ry thought and deed
By rules of virtue moves,
Whose gen'rous tougue disdains to speak
The thing his heart disproves.
- 3 Who never did a slander forge,
His neighbour's fame to wound,
Nor harken to a false report
By malice whisper'd round.
- 4 Who vice, in all its pomp and pow'r,
Can treat with just neglect;
And piety, though cloath'd in rags,
Religiously respect.
- 5 Who to his plighted vows and trust
Hath ever firmly stood;
And though he promise to his loss,
He makes his promise good.
- 6 Who hates exaction, and rejects
Bribes to betray the just,
Such, still on grace relying, may
In God securely trust.

P S A L M XV. Long Metre.

Duties to God and man.

- 1 **W**HO shall ascend thy heav'nly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face?
The man that minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below.
- 2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean,
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean;
No slanders dwell upon his tongue,
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.
- 3 Scarce will he trust an ill report,
Nor vent it to his neighbour's hurt:
Sinners of state he can despise,
But saints are honour'd in his eyes.
- 4 Firm to his word he ever stood,
And always makes his promise good;
Nor dares to change the thing he swears,
Whatever pain or loss he bears.
- 5 He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that justice should be sold:
While others gripe and grind the poor,
Sweet charity attends his door.
- 6 Yet, when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone:
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell for ever, Lord, with thee.

P S A L M

P S A L M XVI. Common Metre.

*Unmerited council and support from God, and
the joyful hope of a resurrection to eternal
life.*

- 1 **P**RESERVE me, Lord, I thee entreat,
And shield me from all harm,
Because my trust I still repose
On thy almighty arm.
- 2 My soul all help but thine doth flight,
All Gods but thee disown;
Yet can no deeds of mine requite
The goodness thou hast shown.
- 3 Thou art my portion, all my good
From thy rich mercy flows,
And thy kind providence secures
The blessings it bestows.
- 4 Let heathens to their idols haste,
And worship wood or stone;
But my delightful lot is cast
Where the true God is known.
- 5 His hand provides my constant food,
He fills my daily cup;
Much am I pleas'd with present good,
But more rejoice in hope.
- 6 God only is my boast and joy,
His counsels are my light;
He gives me sweet advice by day,
And gentle hints by night.
- 7 My soul would all her thoughts approve
To his all-seeing eye;

Nor

Nor death nor hell my hope shall move,
While such a friend is nigh.

P A R T II.

- 8 Why should my soul affrighted be?
When God's at my right hand,
To bear my drooping courage up,
And all my foes withstand.
- 9 Therefore my heart shall grief defy,
My glory shall rejoice;
My flesh shall rest, in hope to rise,
Wak'd by his pow'rful voice.
- 10 Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath,
My soul from hell shall free;
Nor let thy holy One in death
The least corruption see.
- 11 Thou shalt the paths of life display,
That to thy presence lead;
Where pleasures dwell without allay,
And joys that never fade.

P S A L M XVI. Long Metre.

Christian Courage and hope in death.

- 1 **W**HEN God is nigh, my faith is strong,
His arm is my Almighty prop;
Be glad, my heart, rejoice my tongue,
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.
- 2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

3 My

- 3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust and rise on high;
Then shalt thou lead the wond'rous way
Up to thy throne above thy sky.
- 4 There streams of endless pleasure flow;
And full discov'ries of thy grace,
Which we but tasted here below,
Spread glorious joys through all the place.

P S A L M XVII. Common Metre.

A prayer for conduct and support.

- 1 **T**O the just plea which here I hold
Attend, O righteous Lord,
And to my pray'r, as 'tis unfeign'd,
A gracious ear afford.
- 2 For thou hast search'd my heart by day,
And visited by night,
And, on the strictest tryal, found
It's secret motions right.
- 3 Through life, I by the sacred word
Which from thy lips doth flow,
Have shunn'd the vile and dang'rous road
Where bold transgressors go.
- 4 Hold up my goings, Lord, me guide
Still in thy paths divine;
So that my footsteps may not slide
Out of these ways of thine.
- 5 Since heretofore I ne'er in vain
To thee my pray'er address;
O now, my God, incline thine ear,
And favour my request.

- 6 From worldly men deliver me,
 Whose portion's here below;
 Who, fill'd with earthly stores, desire
 No other bliss to know.
- 7 But such at length must turn to dust:
 All their fond hopes are vain:
 In this short life their pleasure lay,
 And all beyond is pain.
- 8 All earthly stores, Lord, I resign,
 To see thy blissful face; [stand
 When, wak'd from death, I pleas'd shall
 Compleat in righteousness.

P S A L M XVII. Long Metre.

The portion of the saints, and the resurrection.

- 1 **L**ORD, I am thine; but thou wilt prove
 My faith, my patience, and my love;
 When men of spite against me join,
 They are the sword, the hand is thine.
- 2 Their hope and portion lie below;
 'Tis all the happiness they know:
 'Tis all they seek; they take their shares,
 And leave the rest among their heirs.
- 3 What sinners value I resign;
 Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine.
 I shall behold thy blissful face,
 And stand compleat in righteousness.
- 4 This life's a dream, an empty show;
 But the bright world to which I go,
 Hath joys substantial and sincere:
 When shall I wake and find me there?

- 5 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
 I shall be near and like my God!
 And flesh and sin no more controul
 The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
 'Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
 Then burst the chains with sweet surprize,
 And in my Saviour's image rise.

P S A L M XVIII. Common Metre.

Safety in God, and victory over enemies.

- 1 **W**E love thee, Lord, and we adore,
 Now is thy name reveal'd;
 Thou art our strength, our heavenly tow'r,
 Our bulwark and our shield.
- 2 We fly to our eternal rock,
 And find a sure defence;
 His holy name our lips invoke
 And draw salvation thence.
- 3 Thou suit'st thyself, Almighty God,
 Wisely to all mankind;
 They who in mercy take delight,
 With thee shall mercy find.
- 4 For thou art ever kind to such,
 And them that justice love;
 Pure to the pure, but wilt contend
 With those that froward prove.
- 5 We never from an evil heart
 Thy Ways, O Lord, declin'd;
 Nor from our God did e'er depart,
 Led by a wicked mind.

- 6 For all thy laws were in our sight;
They still were in our view;
With thee we also were upright,
And did *our* sin subdue.
- 7 Therefore we, in our sad distress,
To God address'd our moan;
Who graciously inclin'd his ear,
And hear'd us from his throne.

P A R T II.

- 8 When God our leader shines in arms,
What mortal heart can bear
The thunder of his loud alarms?
The light'ning of his spear?
- 9 He rides upon the winged wind,
And angels in array,
In legions wait to know his mind,
And swift as flames obey.
- 10 He speaks, and at his fierce rebuke
Whole armies are dismay'd;
His voice, his frown, his angry look
Strikes all their courage dead.
- 11 Lord, by thine aid, our troops prevail,
And break united pow'rs;
Or burn their boasted fleets, or scale
The proudest of their tow'rs.
- 12 In vain to idol-saints they cry,
And perish in their blood;
Where is a rock so great, so high,
So pow'rful as our God?

- 13 The rock of *Israel* ever lives,
 His name be ever blest;
 'Tis his own arm the vict'ry gives,
 And gives his people rest.

P S A L M XVIII. Long Metre.

- 1 **N**O change of times shall ever shock
 My firm affection, Lord, to thee;
 For thou hast always been my rock,
 A Fortress and defence to me.
- 2 Thou my deliv'rer art, my God,
 My trust is in thy mighty pow'r;
 Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
 At home my safeguard and high tow'r.
- 3 To thee I did address my pray'r,
 To whom all praise we justly owe;
 So was I, by thy watchful care,
 Preserved from the treach'rous foe.
- 4 For thy design shall still succeed,
 Thy word will bear the utmost test;
 A shield thou art to all that need,
 And on thy sure protection rest.

P A R T II.

- 5 When God arose my part to take
 The conscious earth was struck with fear;
 The hills did at his presence shake,
 Nor could his dreadful fury bear.
- 6 He left the beauteous realms of light,
 Whilst Heav'n bow'd down its awful head;
 Beneath his feet substantial night
 Was, like a sable carpet, spread.

- 7 The chariot of the King of Kings,
Which active troops of angels drew,
On a strong tempest's rapid wings;
With most amazing swiftness flew.
- 8 Through Heav'n's wide arch a thund'ring
God's angry voice, did loudly roar; [peal,
While earth's sad face with heaps of hail
And flakes of fire was cover'd o'er.
- 9 Thus God did on our side engage,
From Heav'n, his throne, our cause upheld;
And snatch'd us from the furious rage
Of threat'ning waves that proudly swell'd.
- 10 Who then deserves to be ador'd
But God, on whom our hopes depend?
Or who, except the mighty Lord,
Can with resistless pow'r defend?
- 11 My song for ever shall record
That terrible, that joyful hour;
And give the glory to the Lord
Due to his mercy and his pow'r.

P S A L M XIX. Common Metre.

*The glory of God, and the excellency of his
word.*

- 1 **T**HE Heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,
Which that alone can fill;
The firmament and stars express
Their great Creator's skill.
- 2 The dawn of each returning day
Fresh beams of knowledge brings;
And from the dark returns of night
Divine instruction springs.

- 3 Their pow'rful language to no realm
Or region is confin'd;
'Tis nature's voice, and understood
Alike by all mankind.
- 4 Their doctrine doth it's sacred sense
Through earth's extent display;
Whose bright contents the circling sun
Does round the world convey.
- 5 No bridegroom, on his nuptial day,
Hath such a chearful face;
No giant doth like him rejoice
To run his glorious race.
- 6 From east to west, from west to east
His restless course he goes;
And through his progress chearful light
And vital warmth bestows.

P A R T II.

- 7 God's perfect law converts the soul,
Reclaims from false desires;
With sacred wisdom his sure word
The ignorant inspires.
- 8 The statutes of the Lord are right,
And do rejoice the heart;
Pure his commands, and heav'nly light
To willing minds impart.
- 9 His perfect worship here is fix'd,
On sure foundations laid:
His equal laws are in the scales
Of truth and justice weigh'd.

- 10 Of more esteem than golden mines,
Or gold refin'd with skill:
More sweet than honey, or the drops
That from the comb distil.
- 11 Our trusty counsellors they are,
And friendly warnings give;
Divine rewards attend on those
Who by his precepts live.
- 12 But where's the man observes how oft
He doth from virtue fall?
O cleanse me from my secret faults,
Thou God who know'st them all.
- 13 And never let presumptuous sin
Dominion have o'er me,
That, by thy grace preserv'd, I may
Each bold transgression flee.
- 14 The words which from our mouths proceed,
The thoughts sent from our heart,
Accept, O Lord, for thou our strength
And our Redeemer art.

P S A L M XIX. Long Metre.

- 1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled Heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
- 2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display;
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an Almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale;
And

And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth:

4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though nor real voice nor sound-
Amidst the radiant orbs be found:

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine:

P S A L M XIX. Third Metre.

Nature and scripture compar'd.

1 **T**HE Heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,
In ev'ry star thy wisdom shines:
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy pow'r confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun moon and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth and never stand:
So when thy truth began it's race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry land.

4 Nor shall the spreading gospel rest,
'Till through the world thy grace has run,
'Till Christ hath all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun.

- 5 Great sun of righteousness, arise,
 Bless the dark world with heav'nly light;
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
 Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 The noblest wonders here we view,
 In souls renew'd, and sins forgiv'n;
 Lord, cleanse our hearts, our souls renew,
 And make thy word our guide to Heav'n.

P S A L M XX. Common Metre.

Confidence in the divine favour answered and rewarded.

- 1 **O** LORD to our request attend,
 And hear us in distress;
 The name of Jacob's God defend
 And grant our arms success.
- 2 To aid us from on high repair,
 And strength from Sion give,
 Remember all our off'rings there,
 Our sacrifice receive.
- 3 Our hopes are fix'd that now the Lord
 His people will defend;
 From Heav'n resistless aid afford,
 And to their pray'r attend.
- 4 Some trust in steeds for war design'd,
 On chariots some rely;
 Against them all *we* call to mind
 The pow'r of God most high.
- 5 But from their steeds and chariots thrown
 Behold them, through the plain,
 Disorder'd, broke and trampled down,
 Whilst firm our troops remain.

6 Still

- 6 Still save us, Lord, and still proceed
 Our rightful cause to bless;
 Hear, King of Heav'n, in time of need,
 The pray'rs that we address.

P S A L M XX. Long Metre.

- 1 **N**OW may the God of pow'r and grace
 Attend his people's humble cry!
 Jehovah hears when Israel prays,
 And brings deliv'rance from on high.
- 2 The name of Jacob's God defends
 Better than shields or brazen walls;
 He from his sanctuary sends
 Succour and strength when Sion calls.
- 3 Well he remembers all our sighs,
 His love exceeds our best desires;
 His love accepts the sacrifice
 Of humble groans and broken hearts.
- 4 In his salvation is our hope,
 And in the name of Israel's God,
 Our troops shall lift their banners up,
 Our navies spread their flags abroad.
- 5 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
 And some of chariots make their boast;
 Our surest expectations are
 From thee, the Lord of heav'nly hosts.
- 6 Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear,
 Now let our hope be firm and strong;
 'Till thy salvation shall appear,
 And joy and triumph raise the song.

P S A L M XXI. Common Metre.

Our King the care of Heaven.

- 1 **T**HE King, O Lord, with songs of
 Shall in thy strength rejoice, [praise,
 And, blest with thy salvation, raise
 To Heav'n his chearful voice.
- 2 Thy sure defence, thro' nations round,
 Has spread his glorious name,
 And his successful actions crown'd
 With majesty and fame.
- 3 Then let the king, on God alone,
 For timely aid rely;
 His mercy shall support the throne,
 And all our wants supply.
- 4 But, righteous Lord, his stubborn foes,
 Shall feel thy dreadful hand;
 Thy vengeful arm shall find out those
 Who hate his mild command.
- 5 Whilst they, their swift retreat prepare,
 To shun thy dreadful might,
 Thine arrows, piercing thro' the air,
 Shall wound them in their flight.
- 6 Thus, Lord, in thee the king shall rest;
 Thus thou wilt raise his fame:
 His kingdoms thus, with honors blest,
 Will praise thy glorious name.

P S A L M XXI. Long Metre.

Christ exalted to his kingdom.

- 1 **D**AVID rejoic'd in God his strength,
 Rais'd to the throne by special grace,
 But

But Christ, the son appears at length,
Fulfills the triumph and the praise.

- 2 How great is the Messiah's joy
In the salvation of thy hand!
Lord, thou hast rais'd his kingdom high,
The world submits to his command.
- 3 With grateful hearts, we view the Son,
For whom the Heav'ns their gates unfold;
To whom we see due honor's done,
As crown'd with glory, not with gold.
- 4 Honors around his temples shine,
To which the surest claim he lays;
Honor and majesty divine
Are his, with everlasting days.

P S A L M XXII. Common Metre.

Christ's sufferings and death.

- 1 **M**Y God, my God, why leav'st thou
When I with anguish faint? [me,
O why so far from me remov'd,
And from my loud complaint?
- 2 Why has my God my soul forsook,
Nor will a smile afford?
Thus David once in anguish spoke,
And thus our dying Lord!
- 3 I'm treated, said he, like a worm,
Like none of human birth:
Not only by the great revil'd,
But made the rabble's mirth.
- 4 With laughter, all the gazing crowd,
My agonies survey;

They

They shoot the lip, they shake the head,
And thus, deriding, say:

- 5 " In God he trusted, boasting oft
" That he was Heav'n's delight;
" Let God descend to own him now,
" And save his favourite.

- 6 My heart with pressing grief dissolves,
In groans I waste my breath:
Thy heavy hand has brought me down,
Low as the gates of death.

- 7 From earth and hell my sorrows meet;
To multiply the smart,
They nail my hands, they pierce my feet,
And try to vex my heart.

- 8 As spoil my garments they divide,
Lots for my vesture cast:
Therefore approach, O Lord, my strength,
And to my succour haste.

- 9 Thus did our suff'ring Saviour pray,
With mighty cries and tears;
God heard him in that dreadful day,
And chas'd away his fears.

- 10 A num'rous offspring must arise,
From his expiring groans;
They shall be reck'ned, in his eyes,
For daughters and for sons.

- 11 The meek and humble souls shall see
His table richly spread;
And all that seek the Lord shall be
With joys immortal fed.

12. The isles shall know the righteousness
Of our incarnate God;
And nations yet unborn, profess
Salvation in his blood.

P S A L M XXII. Long Metre.

Christ's sufferings and victory in death.

- 1 **N**OW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord;
When he complain'd in tears of blood,
As one forsaken of his God.
- 2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And shake their heads and laugh in scorn;
He rescu'd others from the grave;
Now let him try himself to save.
- 3 This is the man did once pretend,
God was his father and his friend:
If God, the blessed, lov'd him so,
Why doth he fail to help him now?
- 4 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
'Till streams of blood each other meet:
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he dy'd.
- 5 But God, his father, heard his cry;
Rais'd from the dead he reigns on high:
The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

P S A L M XXIII. Common Metre.

God our Shepherd.

- 1 **M**Y shepherd is the mighty Lord,
Jehovah is his name;

- He feeds me with his sacred word,
 As by a living stream.
- 2 He leads me to the fruitful place,
 Where heav'nly pasture grows;
 There are the springs of richest grace,
 There full salvation flows.
- 3 When wand'ring from his paths I stray,
 My soul to peace he brings:
 He guides my dark and doubtful way,
 And shades me with his wings.
- 4 Ev'n in the gloomy vale of death,
 His presence is my stay:
 A word of his supporting breath
 Drives all my fears away.
- 5 In presence of my envious foes
 My table's richly spread:
 My cup with blessings overflows,
 And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The kind provision of my God
 Shall crown my future days;
 His house shall be my blest abode,
 And all my work his praise.

P S A L M XXIII. Long Metre.

- 1 **T**HE mighty Lord my shepherd is,
 Nor want I'll fear, nor danger dread;
 A crystal stream glides gently by
 The verdant walks whereon I'm fed.
- 2 When void of thought sometimes I stray,
 Deceiv'd by vice's painted charms;
 He leads me back to's sacred way,
 And frees my soul from threat'ning harms.

- 3 What tho' I walk in death's sad vale,
Where gloomy horrors form the scene?
Fearless I'll pass, my shepherd by,
His aiding staff me shall sustain.
- 4 Lord, thou my table richly spread'st
In presence of my envious foe;
Shed'st chearing odours on my head,
And mak'st my cup to overflow.
- 5 While this life lasts his guardian love,
With constant watch my steps shall tend;
And when this clay dissolves in death,
I'll have him still my God and friend.

P S A L M XXIV. Common Metre.

Saints dwell with God.

- 1 **T**HE earth for ever is the Lord's,
The Lord's her fulness is;
The world, and they that dwell therein,
By sov'reign right are his.
- 2 But for himself the Lord of all
A chosen seat design'd;
O who shall to that sacred hill
Desir'd admittance find?
- 3 The man whose hands and heart are pure,
Whose thoughts from pride are free;
Who honest poverty prefers
To gainful perjury.
- 4 This, this is he, on whom the Lord
Shall show'r his blessings down,
Whom God his Saviour shall vouchsafe
With righteousness to crown.

- 5 Such is the race of saints by whom
 Thy sacred courts are trod;
 Such is the lot of those who seek
 The face of Jacob's God.
- 6 Now, let our soul's immortal pow'rs
 To meet the Lord prepare,
 Lift up their everlasting doors,
 The King of glory's near.
- 7 The King of glory! who can tell
 The wonders of his might?
 He rules the nations, but to dwell
 With saints is his delight.
- 8 Erect your heads; ye gates unfold,
 In state to entertain
 The King of glory; see he comes
 With all his shining train!
- 9 Who is the King of glory, who?
 The Lord of hosts renown'd:
 Of glory he alone is king,
 Who is with glory crown'd.

P S A L M XXIV. Long Metre.

- 1 **T**HIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
 And men, and worms, and beasts, and
 He rais'd the building on the seas, [birds.
 And gave it for their dwelling place.
- 2 But there's a brighter world on high,
 Thy palace, Lord, above the sky:
 Who shall ascend that blest abode,
 And dwell so near his maker, God?
- 3 He that abhors and fears to sin,
 Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean;

- Him shall the Lord, the Saviour bless,
And cloath his soul with righteousness.
- 4 These are the men, the pious race,
That seek the God of Jacob's face:
These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light.
- 5 Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the King of glory nigh!
Who can this King of glory be?
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.
- 6 Ye heav'nly gates, your leaves display,
To make the Lord, the Saviour way:
He'll give his saints a blest abode,
Near their Redeemer and their God.

P S A L M XXV. Common Metre.

For divine instruction.

- 1 **W**E lift our souls to thee, O Lord,
Our God, we trust in thee:
Let none, who in thy name confide,
Ashamed ever be.
- 2 Instruct us in thy sacred paths,
Lead us in truths bright way;
Grant us thy heav'nly light, that we
May never go astray.
- 3 Remember all thy mercies, Lord,
And guide us in thy truth:
Forgive the sins of riper years,
And follies of our youth.
- 4 God, who is ever good and kind,
Will humble souls instruct,

Their

Their wand'ring steps, back to his paths,
With safety will conduct.

5 The whole paths of the Lord our God
Are truth and mercy sure;
To such as keep his covenant
And testimonies pure.

6 The secret of the Lord is with
Such as do fear his name:
And he, the treasures of his love,
Will manifest to them.

P A R T II. Short Metre.

1 **W**E lift our souls to God,
With ever-longing eyes,
From the first dawning light appears,
'Till ev'ning shades the skies.

2 The dealings of his hand
Are truth and mercy still,
With such as keep his covenant
And his commands fulfil.

3 O turn thee to our souls,
Bring thy salvation near;
On us the heav'nly joys bestow,
Of those thy name that fear.

4 When shall the sov'reign grace
Of our forgiving God
Restore us from those dang'rous ways,
Our wand'ring feet have trod?

5 With each returning day,
Some sorrow new begins;
O free us from distressing pain,
By pard'ning all our sins.

- 6 Preserve our souls from death,
 Nor put our hope to shame;
 For we have plac'd our only trust
 In our Redeemer's name.

P S A L M XXVI. Common Metre.

The appeal of the righteous.

- 1 **O**UR inmost thoughts we offer, Lord,
 To thine impartial eye;
 O try our hearts, lest any sin
 Should there concealed lye.
- 2 The contemplation of thy love
 Gives us the best delight;
 This both engages and excites
 Our care to walk aright.
- 3 In innocence I'd wash my hands,
 And bring a heart so pure,
 That when thy altar I approach,
 My welcome might be sure.
- 4 Then with the chearful voice of praise
 Thy goodness I'd proclaim;
 Thy mighty works I would rehearse,
 And magnify thy name.
- 5 The habitation of thy house,
 Lord, I have loved well;
 That place affords my chief delight,
 Where doth thine honor dwell.
- 6 Firm and unmov'd by thee I stand;
 And hope I shall appear
 In the assemblies of thy saints,
 To bless and praise thee there.

P S A L M XXVI. Long Metre.

- 1 **J**UDGE us, O Lord, and prove our ways,
 And try our reins, and try our heart;
 Our faith upon thy promise stays,
 Nor from thy laws our feet depart.
- 2 We hate to walk, we hate to sit,
 With men of vanity and lies;
 The scoffer and the hypocrite
 Are the abhorrence of our eyes.
- 3 Among thy saints we will appear,
 With hands well wash'd in innocence
 But, when we stand before thy bar,
 The blood of Christ is our defence.
- 4 We love thy habitation, Lord,
 The temple where thine honors dwell:
 There shall we hear thy holy word,
 And there thy works of wonder tell.

P S A L M XXVII. Common Metre.

The church our delight and safety.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of glory is our light,
 And our salvation too:
 God is our strength, nor will we fear
 What all our foes can do.
- 2 One privilege our heart desires;
 O grant us an abode,
 Among the churches of thy saints,
 The temples of our God.
- 3 There shall we offer our requests,
 And see thy beauty still;
 There

There hear thy messages of grace,
And learn thy sacred will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
Our souls may safe abide.

5 Therefore we will bring to his tent
The sacrifice of joy;
And songs of praise will we present
Unto the Lord most high.

6 In mercy our requests receive
Whene'er we cry to thee:
Let all, who in thy word believe,
Thy sure salvation see.

P A R T II.

7 Soon as we hear our father say,
Ye children, seek my grace:
Our hearts reply, without delay,
We'll seek our father's face.

8 Let not thy face be hid from us,
Nor frown our souls away:
God of our lives, to thee we fly,
On each distressing day.

9 Tho' all our friends and kindred dear
Leave us to want or die;
Our God would make our life his care,
And all our wants supply.

10 Our fainting flesh had dy'd with grief,
Had not our souls believ'd,
To see thy grace provide relief;
Nor was our hope deceiv'd.

- 11 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
 And keep your courage up;
 He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
 And far exceed your hope.

P S A L M XXVIII. Common Metre.

For times of public danger.

- 1 **O** LORD, our rock, to thee we cry,
 A gracious answer send;
 Or like to those we shall remain,
 Who to the grave descend.
- 2 Grant our desires, when, with loud cries,
 Thy favour we entreat,
 When we spread forth imploring hands
 Towards thy mercy-seat.
- 3 May we escape the sinner's doom,
 Who make a trade of ill;
 And, while their tongues speak innocence,
 Their hearts with malice fill.
- 4 Since they Jehovah's wonders flight,
 Nor do his grace adore;
 He, their destruction, may permit,
 And build them up no more.
- 5 But we, with due acknowledgments,
 His praises will resound,
 From whom the cries of our distress
 A gracious answer found.
- 6 Preserve and bless thy people, Lord,
 Thine heritage defend:
 Thro' life protect them, and in death,
 Be thou their happy end.

P S A L M XXIX. Common Metre.

God's voice in the tempest.

- 1 **Y**E princes, who in might excel,
Your sacrifice prepare,
God's glorious actions loudly tell,
His wond'rous pow'r declare.
- 2 To his great name fresh altars raise,
Devout respect afford;
And in his holy temple praise
This great and mighty Lord.
- 3 His awful voice, with thunder runs
Thro' regions of the sky:
The ocean trembles at a sound,
So full of majesty.
- 4 How full of pow'r this voice appears,
And with what terror crown'd!
Which from their roots tall cedars tears,
And strews their branches round.
- 5 They, and the hills on which they grow,
Are hurry'd far away;
They leap like hinds that bounding go,
Or unicorns that play.
- 6 God rules the angry floods on high:
His boundless sway can't cease;
His faints, with strength, he will supply,
And bless his own with peace.

P S A L M XXIX. Long Metre.

- 1 **G**IVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and pow'r;
Ascribe

Ascribe due honors to his name,
And his eternal might adore.

- 2 The Lord proclaims his pow'r aloud,
Over the ocean and the land ;
His voice divides the wat'ry cloud,
And light'nings blaze at his command.
- 3 He speaks, and tempest, hail and wind,
Lay the wide forest bare around :
The fearful hart and frighted hind
Leap at the terror of the sound.
- 4 To Lebanon he turns his voice,
And lo, the stately cedars break ;
The mountains tremble at the noise ;
The valleys roar, the deserts quake.
- 5 In gentler language, yet, the Lord
The counsels of his grace imparts :
Amidst the raging storm, his word
Speaks peace and comfort to our hearts.

P S A L M XXX. Common Metre.

Afflictions removed.

- 1 **Y**E saints of his, unto God's house,
With songs of praise repair ;
With me commemorate his truth,
And providential care.
- 2 His wrath has but a moments reign
His favour no decay ;
Our night of grief is recompens'd
With joy's returning day.
- 3 In prosp'rous times and days of health
Misfortunes I defy'd ;

F

But,

But, when thy favour was withdrawn,
My health and comforts dy'd.

4 Then, this address to God, I made;

“ When to the grave I go,

“ Shall there the dust thy praises sing,

“ Shall it thy counsels show ?

5 “ Lord, gracious, hear me, and display

“ The marks of pitying love;

“ O help me in my great distress,

“ My pain and grief remove.”

6 'Tis done! my sighs to joy are turn'd,

To God due thanks I'll give ;

My heart shall dictate to my tongue

His praises while I live.

P S A L M XXX. Long Metre.

1 **W**E will extol thee, Lord, on high,
At whose command diseases fly :

Who but a God can speak, and save
From the dark borders of the grave?

2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints of his,
And tell how large his goodness is;
Let all your pow'rs rejoice, and bless,
While you record, his holiness.

3 His anger but a moment stays,
His love is life and length of days:
Tho' grief and tears the night employ,
The Morning-Star restores our joy.

4 Our tongue, the glory of our frame,
Shall celebrate the Lord's great name;
His praise shall sound thro' earth and heav'n,
For sickness heal'd and sins forgiv'n.

P S A L M

P S A L M XXXI. Common Metre.

Hope and joy in the divine goodness.

- 1 **B**OW down thine ear, my cause espouse,
And save me, Lord, with speed;
Be thou my rock and strength, an house
For safety in my need.
- 2 In thee, my God, I still confide,
I thee my fortress make;
Therefore do thou me lead and guide,
Ev'n for thine own name's sake.
- 3 To thy hand only I commit
My soul, for thou art he,
Whose name's Jehovah, God of truth,
That hast redeemed me.
- 4 All those I have abhorr'd that trust
In lying vanities;
And still my soul, in ev'ry state,
On God alone relies.
- 5 On thee, O Lord, my hopes were stay'd,
Ev'n when I felt thy rod;
And, conscious of thy truth, I said,
Thou art my help, my God.
- 6 Thy children from the strife of tongues
Shall thy pavilion hide;
Guard them from infamy and wrongs,
And curb the sons of pride.
- 7 O love the Lord, all ye his saints,
And sing his praises loud;
He'll bend his ear to your complaints
And recompence the proud.

- 8 Be not cast down, for he to you
 His strength'ning grace will send;
 Whose hearts are to his service true,
 And on his grace depend.

P S A L M XXXII. Common Metre.

The blessedness of pardon.

- 1 **B**LEST man! whose errors God forgives,
 And covers o'er his sin;
 Who in no guilt unpardon'd lives,
 Nor hides deceit within!
- 2 Happy, beyond expression, he
 Whose debts are thus discharg'd;
 And from the guilty bondage free
 Feels his glad soul enlarg'd.
- 3 When I my sense of ill suppress,
 No quiet could I find;
 Thy wrath lay burning in my breast,
 And rack'd my tortur'd mind.
- 4 Then I confess'd my troubled thoughts,
 My secret sins reveal'd;
 Acknowledging I had transgress'd,
 And God my pardon seal'd.
- 5 This shall invite thy saints to pray:
 When, like a swelling flood,
 Temptations rise, our strength and stay
 Is a forgiving God.
- 6 O God, thou art my hiding place,
 From straits thou set'st me free;
 And with sweet songs of saving grace
 Thou dost encompass me.

P S A L M

P S A L M XXXII. Long Metre.

- 1 **H**E's blest'd whose sins have pardon gain'd,
 No more in judgment to appear;
 Whose guilt remission has obtain'd,
 And whose repentance is sincere.
- 2 Blest man indeed! to whom the Lord
 Imputes not his iniquities;
 He pleads no merit of reward,
 But upon grace alone relies.
- 3 No sooner were my wounds disclos'd,
 The guilt which tortur'd me within;
 But thy forgiveness interpos'd,
 And mercy's healing balm pour'd in.
- 4 True penitents shall thus succeed,
 Who seek thee while thou may'st be found.
 They, from the common deluge freed,
 With thy salvation shall be crown'd.

P S A L M XXXIII. Common Metre.

God to be confided in, and praised.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,
 And praise him with delight;
 For thankfulness becomes all those
 Who are in heart upright.
- 2 How faithful is the word of God?
 His works with truth abound;
 He justice loves; and all the earth
 Is with his goodness crown'd.
- 3 By his Almighty word at first
 The heav'nly arch was rear'd;

And all the beauteous hosts of light
At his command appear'd.

- 4 He bid the liquid waters flow
To their appointed deep;
The swelling seas their limits know,
And their own station keep.
- 5 Let all the tribes of human race
The Lord their maker fear;
Let all that dwell on earth's wide face.
This awful God revere.
- 6 Vain is the strength of horse or man,
To hope for safety thence;
But holy souls from God obtain
A strong and sure defence.
- 7 God is their fear, and God their trust:
When plagues or famine spread;
His watchful eye secures the just
Among ten thousand dead.
- 8 He scorns the angry nations rage,
And breaks their vain designs;
His counsel stands through ev'ry age,
And in full glory shines.

PSALM XXXIII. As the 113th Psalm.
*The vanity of the creature, and all-sufficiency
of God.*

- 1 **O** HAPPY nation, where the Lord
Reveals the treasure of his word,
And builds his church, his earthly throne!
His eye the heathen world surveys,
He form'd their hearts, he knows their ways,
But God their maker is unknown.

Let

- 2 Let kings rely upon their host,
And of his strength the champion boast;
In vain they boast, in vain rely :
In vain we trust the brutal force,
Or speed or courage of an horse,
To guard his rider or to fly.
- 3 The eye of thy compassion, Lord,
Doth more secure defence afford
When deaths or dangers threat'ning stand:
Thy watchful eye preserves the just,
Who make thy name their fear and trust,
When wars or famine waste the land.
- 4 In sickness or the bloody field,
Thou, our physician, thou, our shield,
Send us salvation from thy throne:
We wait to see thy goodness shine ;
Let us rejoice in help divine,
For all our hope is God alone.

P S A L M XXXIV. Common Metre.

*God to be prais'd for the safety he affords, with
the recommendation of holiness and peace.*

- 1 **T**Hrough all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy ;
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name ;
When in distress to him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just ;

Deli-

Deliv'rance he affords to all
Who in his mercy trust.

4 O! make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

5 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear:
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.

6 The lions young may hungry be,
But God will food provide
For such as put their trust in him,
And see their wants supply'd.

P A R T II.

7 Come, children, learn to fear the Lord,
And sound instruction hear;
I'll teach you the true discipline
Of his religious fear.

8 Let him who length of life desires,
And prosp'rous days would see;
From sland'ring language keep his tongue,
His lips from falsehood free;

9 The crooked paths of vice decline,
And virtue's ways pursue;
Establish peace where 'tis begun,
And where 'tis lost, renew.

10 The Lord from Heav'n beholds the just
With favourable eyes;
And, when distress'd, his gracious ear
Is open to their cries:

- 11 But turns his wrathful look on those
Whom mercy can't reclaim;
To cut them off, and from the earth
Blot out their hated name.
- 12 Deliv'rance to the saints he gives,
When his relief they crave;
He's nigh to heal the broken heart,
And contrite spirit save.
- 13 What though the sorrows here they taste
Do sharp and tedious prove?
He, who Salvation brings at last,
Sustains them with his love.
- 14 For God preserves the souls of those
Who on his truth depend;
To them and their posterity
His blessings shall descend.

P S A L M XXXV. Common Metre.

*God sought to for help, and praised for afford-
ing it.*

- 1 **A** GAINST all those that with us strive,
O Lord, assert our right;
With such as war unjustly wage,
Do thou our battles fight.
- 2 Still guarded by omnipotence,
May we be safe from harm;
In our defence, O thou most high!
Display thy pow'rful arm.

3 They

- 3 They plant their fatal snares, and seek
The guiltless blood to spill;
But God, who is our saving health,
Will be our fortress still.
- 4 Then our glad soul shall thy great name
For the deliverance bless;
And, by thy aiding hand secur'd,
A grateful joy express.
- 5 To Heaven we'll raise our tuneful voice,
And make thy wonders known;
In thy protection we'll rejoice,
And thy salvation own.

P S A L M XXXVI. Common Metre.

God's favour to his children.

- 1 **W**HILE men grow bold in wicked ways,
And yet a God they own;
My heart within me often says,
They fondly think there's none.
- 2 Their thoughts and ways at once declare,
Whate'er their lips profess;
God hath no wrath for them to fear,
Nor will they seek his grace.
- 3 What strange self-flatt'ry blinds their eyes?
But there's a hast'ning hour
When they shall see, with fore surprize,
The terrors of his pow'r.
- 4 Thy mercy, Lord, is in the Heav'n
Thy truth doth reach the clouds;
Thy justice is like mountains great,
Thy judgments deep as floods.

5 Lord,

- 5 Lord, thou preservest man and beast;
 How precious is thy grace!
 Therefore in shadow of thy wings
 Mens sons their trust shall place.
- 6 They with the goodness of thy house
 Shall be well satisfy'd;
 From rivers of thy pleasures thou
 Wilt drink to them provide.
- 7 Because of life the fountain pure
 Remains alone with thee;
 And in that purest light of thine
 We clearly light shall see.
- 8 Though all supports here should us fail,
 And death close up our eyes;
 Thy presence makes eternal day,
 Where clouds can never rise.
- 9 Thy loving kindness unto them
 Continue that thee know;
 And still on men, upright in heart,
 Thy righteousness bestow.

P S A L M XXXVII. Common Metre.

The way and end of good and bad men.

- 1 **L**ET none be troubled to behold
 The wicked's prosp'rous state;
 Nor by his good success grow bold
 His crimes to imitate.
- 2 Soon is the grass cut down and dies,
 And beauteous flow'rs decay;
 More swift the sinner's glory flies,
 And sooner fades than they.

3 Leave

- 3 Leave thy concern to God, in firm
Dependance on him live;
He'll either grant what thou would'st have,
Or what is better give.
- 4 The various steps of pious men
Are order'd by his will;
Though they should fall, they rise again,
His hand supports them still.
- 5 The Lord delights to see their ways,
Their virtue he approves;
He ne'er withdraws from them his grace,
Nor leaves the man he loves.
- 6 The heav'nly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home;
He feeds them now and makes them heirs
Of blessings yet to come.

P A R T II.

*Charity to the poor, and the lasting estate of
the beneficent and righteous.*

- 7 Why do the wealthy wicked boast,
And grow profanely bold?
The meanest portion of the just
Excels the sinners gold.
- 8 The wicked borrows where he can,
But ne'er designs to pay;
The good man's merciful and lends,
Nor turns the poor away.
- 9 His alms with lib'ral heart he gives
Among the sons of need;
His mem'ry through long ages lives,
And blessed is his seed.

- 10 The haughty sinner have I seen
 Not fearing man nor God,
 Like to a laurel, fair and green,
 Spreading his arms abroad,
 11 But, lo, he vanish'd from the ground,
 Destroy'd by hands unseen;
 Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found
 Where all that pride had been.
 12 But mark the man of uprightness,
 His sev'ral steps attend;
 True pleasure runs through all his ways,
 And peaceful is his end.

P S A L M XXXVII. Long Metre.

- 1 **W**HY should the wicked's joy perplex,
 Or thee his prosp'rous greatness vex?
 He like the wither'd herb shall pass,
 And be cut down like summer's grass.
 2 Trust in the Lord, be doing good,
 So shalt thou be assur'd of food;
 Delight thy self in the most high,
 He'll all thy just desires supply.
 3 Thy works and ways to God commend,
 He'll bring them to the wish'd for end;
 Thy righteousness shall shine like day,
 And judgment like the morning ray.
 4 The wicked I in pow'r have seen,
 Spread like a laurel fresh and green;
 He pass'd away, and came to nought,
 Nor could I find his place though sought.
 5 The upright man I did attend,
 Truth was his way, and peace his end;

G

Whilst

Whilst utter ruin waits on those
That dare God's sacred will oppose.

- 6 To good men he will strength afford,
Their only safe-guard is the Lord :
From wicked men he saves the just,
Because in him they place their trust.

P S A L M XXXVIII. Common Metre.

Prayer for pardon and recovery.

- 1 **T**HY chaf't'ning wrath, O Lord, restrain,
Though we deserve it all ;
Nor let at once on us the storm
Of thy displeasure fall.

- 2 Our sins, that to a deluge swell,
Our sinking heads o'erflow ;
And for our feeble strength to bear,
Too vast a burden grow.

- 3 Amidst thy wrath remember love,
Restore thy servants, Lord ;
Nor let a father's chaf't'ning prove
Like an avenger's sword.

- 4 Our thoughts are like a troubled sea,
Our heads still bending down ;
And we go mourning all the day
Beneath our father's frown.

- 5 All our desires to thee are known,
Thine eye counts ev'ry tear ;
And ev'ry sigh and ev'ry groan
Is notic'd by thine ear.

- 6 Lord, we'll confess our guilt to thee,
And grieve for all our sin ;

We'll

We'll mourn how weak our graces be,
And beg support divine.

- 7 Do thou forgive our follies past,
And be for ever nigh;
O Lord of our salvation, haste
Before thy servants die.

P S A L M XXXIX. Common Metre.

P A R T I.

Government of the tongue.

- 1 **M**Y fixed resolution is
Strictly to watch my tongue;
Lest I let slip a sinful word,
Or do my neighbour wrong.
- 2 And if I'm e'er constrain'd to stay
With such as are profane;
Then will I set a double guard,
Nor let my talk be vain.
- 3 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak
The pious thoughts I feel;
Lest scoffers should occasion take
To mock my holy zeal.
- 4 Yet if some proper hour appear,
I'll not be over-aw'd;
But let the scoffing sinners hear
That we can speak for God.

P A R T II.

The vanity of mortal life.

- 5 Teach me the measure of my days,
Thou maker of my frame;

- I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.
- 6 A span is all that we can boast,
A cypher sums our time;
Man is but vanity and dust
In all his flow'r and prime.
- 7 See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain;
They roam and strive, desire and love,
But all the noise is vain.
- 8 Some walk in honour's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore;
They toil for heirs they know not who
And soon are seen no more.
- 9 What should I wish or wait for then
From creatures, *earth* and *dust*;
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

P A R T III.

*God address'd in sickness without complaint
or murmuring.*

- 10 God of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.
- 11 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
They come at thy command;
I'll not attempt a murmur'ing word
Against thy chast'ning hand.
- 12 Yet I to thee may humbly cry,
Remove thy sharp rebukes;

My

P S A L M XL.

65

- My strength consumes, my spirit dies
Through thy repeated strokes.
- 13 Crush'd, as a moth, beneath thy hand
We moulder to the dust;
Our feeble pow'rs cannot withstand,
And all our beauty's lost.
- 14 I'm but a sojourner below,
As all my fathers were;
May I be well prepar'd to go,
When I the summons hear!
- 15 But if my life be spar'd a while
Before my last remove;
Thy praises shall my tongue employ,
And I'll declare thy love.

P S A L M XL. Common Metre.

P A R T I.

The benefit of waiting upon God, and confiding in him.

- 1 **W**E waited patient for the Lord,
He bow'd to hear our cry;
He saw us trusting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.
- 2 He rais'd us from a dreadful pit,
Where mourning long we lay;
From galling bonds releas'd our feet,
And from the miry clay.
- 3 Firm on a rock he made us stand;
And taught our chearful tongues,
To praise the wonders of his hand
In new triumphant songs.

G 3

4 We'll

- 4 We'll spread his works of grace abroad ;
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make our God
Their only hope and fear.
- 5 Who can the wond'rous works recount
Which thou for us hast wrought ?
The treasures of thy love surmount
All numbers, speech and thought.
- 6 When we afflicted are, and low,
And light and peace depart ;
The Lord beholds our heavy woe,
And bears us on his heart.

P A R T II.

The coming and sacrifice of Christ.

- 7 Thou did'st not rich oblations, Lord,
Nor sacrifice desire ;
Nor to atone for sins of men,
Did'st blood of beasts require.
- 8 Behold, the blest Redeemer comes ;
He in our need appears,
And at th' appointed time assumes
The body God prepares.
- 9 He says, " thy law is in my sight,
" I keep it near my heart ;
" My ears are open'd with delight
" To what thy lips impart.
- 10 Much he display'd the glorious grace,
The truths before conceal'd ;
And the salvation, to be wrought,
To list'ning throngs reveal'd.

11 His father's honour touch'd his heart,
 He pitied sinners cries;
 And, to fulfil a Saviour's part,
 Was made a sacrifice.

12 No blood of beasts, on altars shed,
 Could wash the conscience clean;
 But the great sacrifice he paid,
 Atones for all our sin.

P S A L M XL. Long Metre.

Christ's atoning death and sacrifice.

1 **T**HE wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought,
 Exceed our praise, surmount our
 Should I attempt the long detail, [thought;
 My speech would faint, my numbers fail.

2 No blood of beasts, on altars spilt,
 Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt;
 But thou hast set before our eyes
 An all-sufficient sacrifice.

3 Saith Christ, " I'll magnify thy law,
 " And rebels to obedience draw,
 " When on my cross I'm lifted high,
 " Or to my throne above the sky.

4 " 'Tis written in thy great decree,
 " 'Tis in thy book foretold of me;
 " I therefore come to bear the load
 " Of sins, and do thy will, my God.

5 " The spirit shall descend and show
 " What thou hast done, and what I do;
 " The wond'ring world shall learn thy grace,
 " Thy wisdom and thy righteousness."

P S A L M XLI. Common Metre.

Charity.

- 1 **T**HRICE happy he, whose tender care
The needy poor supplies;
The Lord will to his help repair,
When greatest dangers rise.
- 2 Happy the man, whose bowels move
With pity to the poor;
Who feels, by sympathizing love,
What those who want endure.
- 3 His heart contrives for their relief
More than his hands can do;
He in the time of gen'ral grief
Shall find God's pity too.
- 4 If he, in languishing estate,
Oppress'd with sickness lye;
God will afford a sure retreat,
Or inward strength supply.
- 5 His charity God will repay,
In need will be his friend;
Will guide him thro' his doubtful way,
And give a blissful end.
- 6 Let him, who rules by righteous laws,
From age to age be bless'd;
And all the people's glad applause
With loud *Amens* express'd.

P S A L M XLII. Common Metre.

Earnestness after fellowship with God, in his ordinances.

- 1 **A**S pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase;
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For thee my God, the living God;
My thirstty soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!
- 3 This makes my sad distress encrease,
My tears to serve for food;
While thus insulting foes upbraid,
And say, "where's now thy God?"
- 4 I grieve whene'er my musing thoughts
Those happy days present
When, for thy praise, with numbers I
Thy temple did frequent.
- 5 But why art thou cast down, my soul?
Trust God, who will employ
His aid for thee, and change those sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.
- 6 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God and thou shalt sing
The praise of him, who is thy Lord,
Thy health's eternal spring.

P S A L M XLII. Long Metre.

- 1 **M**Y spirit sinks within me, Lord,
But I will call thy name to mind,
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.
- 2 Deep calls to deep, Abyss invites
Abyss to swell my dreadful woe:
While noise with noise tumultuous fights
And rising billows o'er me flow.
- 3 Yet will the Lord command his love,
When I address his throne by day;
Nor in the night his grace remove,
When to him in the night I pray.
- 4 I'll chide my heart in its distress,
Why should my soul indulge her grief?
Hope in the Lord, his praise express
Who is our health and sure relief.

P S A L M XLIII. Common Metre.

Relief in God, when oppress'd by enemies.

- 1 **J**UST judge of Heav'n, against my foes,
Do thou assert my right;
O set me free, my God, from those
Who in deceit delight.
- 2 Since thou art still my only stay,
Why am I in distress?
Why go I mourning all the day,
Or why do foes oppress?
- 3 Let me with light and truth be blest,
May these be guides to me;

'Till

'Till on thy holy hill I rest,
And God my portion be.

- 4 Then will I there fresh altars raise,
To God my only joy;
And chearful songs of heav'nly praise,
Shall all my hours employ.

- 5 Why then cast down, my soul, and why
So much oppress'd with care?
With firmness, on thy God rely,
Thy ruins to repair.

P S A L M XLIV. Common Metre.

The church's complaint in persecution.

- 1 **L**ORD, we have heard thy works of old,
Thy works of pow'r and grace;
When to our ears our fathers told,
The wonders of their days.
- 2 How thou did'st build thy churches here,
And make thy gospel known;
Among them did thine arm appear,
Thy light and glory shone.
- 3 In God they boasted all the day,
And, in a chearful throng,
Did thousands meet to praise and pray,
And grace was all their song.
- 4 But now our souls are seiz'd with shame,
Confusion fills our face,
To hear the enemy blaspheme
And fools reproach thy grace.
- 5 We are expos'd all day to die,
As martyrs for thy cause,

As

- As sheep for slaughter bound we lie
By sharp and cruel laws.
- 6 Awake, arise, Almighty Lord,
Why sleeps thy wonted grace?
Why should we seem like men abhorr'd
Or banish'd from thy face?
- 7 Wilt thou for ever cast us off,
Nor hear our earnest cries?
Wilt thou for ever hide thy love,
From our afflicted eyes?
- 8 Redeem us from perpetual shame
Our Saviour and our God;
We plead the honors of thy name,
The merits of thy blood.

P S A L M XLV. Common Metre.

*The personal glory of Christ, and pow'r of his
gospel.*

- 1 **N**OW be our hearts inspir'd to sing
The glories of our Lord;
The vict'ries of our heavenly King,
And conquests of his word.
- 2 How matchless, how divinely fair,
His human form appears!
His precepts mild and winning are,
Yet pierce the sinners ears.
- 3 Victorious prince, gird on thy sword,
Rule with majestic sway;
Make stubborn hearts attend thy word,
And thy commands obey.
- 4 Thy throne for ever is, O God,
And ever shall endure;

Thy

- Thy sceptre, princely ruling rod,
A sceptre is that's pure.
- 5 Justice and truth attend thee still
But mercy is thy choice
Therefore thy soul thy God doth fill,
With most peculiar joys.
- 6 As rich perfumes, thy sacrifice
To God sweet favour brings;
As aromatics grateful rise,
In palaces of kings.
- 7 With inward beauties, glorious dress!
Thy daughter church is seen:
Nor are the shining virtues less
Which grace her outward mein.
- 8 What honors, thro' redeeming grace
To gentiles are convey'd,
When they, instead of Abra'am's race,
To thee are princes made!
- 9 Like fairest bride, in rich attire,
To Christ his church is brought,
A princely train, who dare aspire
To thrones his suff'rings bought.
- 10 In sweet memorial shall his name
Thro' future ages roll;
Nations unborn shall spread his fame,
And praise fill ev'ry soul.

P S A L M XLV. Long Metre.

- 1 **N**OW let our hearts be taught to sing
The glories of our Saviour king,
Jesus the Lord; how heav'nly fair
His form! how bright his beauties are!

H

2 O'er

- 2 O'er all the sons of human race,
He shines with a superior grace,
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.
- 3 Dress thee in arms, most mighty Lord,
Gird on the terror of thy sword:
In majesty and glory ride,
With truth and meekness at thy side.
- 4 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands,
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands:
Thy laws and works are just and right,
Mercy and love are thy delight.
- 5 The king of saints, how fair his face,
Adorn'd with majesty and grace!
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.
- 6 At his right-hand our eyes behold
The gentile church in dress of gold:
The world admires her heav'nly dress;
Her robes of joy and righteousness.
- 7 He forms her beauties like his own,
He calls and seats her near his throne;
Fair stranger, let thine heart forget
The idols of thy native state.
- 8 So shall the king the more rejoice
In thee the fav'rite of his choice;
Let him be lov'd, and yet ador'd,
For he's thy maker and thy Lord.
- 9 O happy hour, when thou shalt rise,
To his fair palace in the skies,

And

PSALM XLV.

75

- And all thy sons (a num'rous train)
Each like a prince in glory reign.
10 Let endless honors crown his head;
Let ev'ry age his praises spread;
While we with chearful songs approve,
The condescensions of his love.

PSALM XLV. Short Metre.

Applied to Christ according to Hebr. I. 8. 9.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour and my king!
Thy beauties are divine;
Thy lips with blessings overflow,
And ev'ry grace is thine.
2 Now make thy glory known,
Gird on thy dreadful sword,
And ride in majesty to spread
The conquests of thy word.
3 Strike thro' thy stubborn foes,
Or melt their hearts t' obey
While justice, meekness, grace and truth,
Attend thy glorious way.
4 Thy laws, O God, are right:
Thy throne shall ever stand;
And thy victorious gospel proves
A sceptre in thy hand.
5 Thy father and thy God
Hath without measure shed,
His spirit like a joyful oil
T' anoint thy sacred head.
6 Behold at thy right-hand
The gentile church is seen

H 2.

Like:

Like a fair bride in rich attire
And like a glorious queen.

- 7 Fair bride, adore his love,
Forget thy father's house
Forsake thy gods, thine idol gods,
And pay the Lord thy vows.

- 8 O let thy God and King
Thy sweetest thoughts employ ;
Thy children shall his honor sing
In palaces of joy.

P S A L M XLVI. Common Metre.

The Church's safety and Triumph, among national desolations.

- 1 **O**UR refuge, hope and strength is God,
When troublous times are near ;
His shelt'ring wings our sure abode,
We will not yield to fear.
- 2 Tho' seas shou'd rage and earthquakes throw
Huge mountains from their seat :
Tho' hills be made like vallies low,
And angry billows beat.
- 3 A gentler stream with gladness fills
The city of our God ;
The royal seat, the heav'nly hills,
Jehovah's blest abode.
- 4 The ruler in that upper court
Doth here our safety prove ;
He grants us his divine support,
And fills us with his love.

5 Let

- 5 Let Sion in her king rejoice;
He gives the awful word,
Nations are wasted at the voice
And terrors of his sword.
- 6 He then commands, thro' farthest shores,
The noise of war to cease:
When from on high his thunder roars,
He awes the world to peace.
- 7 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear,
Chariots he burns with flame:
Keep silence, all the earth, and hear
The wonders of his name.
- 8 Mortals be still, and understand
That he is God alone:
Thro' various tribes, in ev'ry land,
He'll make his glories known.
- 9 The Lord, whom heav'nly hosts obey,
With us doth still abide;
Our strong defence, our surest stay,
In whom we will confide.

P S A L M XLVI. Long Metre.

1. **G**OD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.
2. Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd:
Down to the deep, and buried there:
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
3. Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide,

While ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

- 4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love and joy still gliding thro',
And wat'ring the divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream, thine holy word
That ev'ry vain alarm controuls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 6 Sion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threat'ning hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and arm'd with pow'r.

P S A L M XLVI. Oxford Tune.

- 1 **G**OD is our refuge in distress,
A present help when dangers press;
In him undaunted we'll confide:
Tho' earth were from her centre tost
And mountains in the ocean lost
Torn piece-meal by the rapid tide.
- 2 A gentler stream, with gladness, still
The city of our Lord shall fill,
The royal seat of God most high:
God dwells in Sion, whose fair tow'rs
Shall mock th' assaults of earthly pow'rs,
While his Almighty aid is nigh.
- 3 Come see the wonders he hath wrought,
On earth what desolation brought!
How he has calm'd the jarring world!

He

He breaks the warlike spear and bow,
 With them their thund'ring chariots too,
 Into devouring flames are hurl'd.

- 4 The God of hosts conducts our arms,
 Our tow'r of refuge in alarms,
 As to our fathers in distress:
 Submit to his Almighty sway,
 Let him the universe obey,
 And distant worlds his pow'r confess.

P S A L M XLVII. Common Metre.

Success in war, and Christ ascending.

- 1 **O** FOR a shout of sacred joy,
 To God the sov'reign king!
 Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
 And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2 His attributes divine, proclaim
 Him greatly to be fear'd,
 The king of nations is his name,
 O'er all the earth rever'd.
- 3 Conducted by his pow'rful hand,
 Our conquests we extend;
 Opposing nations can't withstand
 When he his aid doth lend.
- 4 Sing chearful praises to our God;
 Sing praises to our king:
 He's Lord of all the earth, his praise
 With understanding sing.
- 5 Jesus our Lord ascends on high,
 His heav'nly guards around,
 Attend him rising thro' the sky,
 With trumpets joyful sound.

6 While

- 6 While angels shout and praise their King,
 Let mortals learn their strains:
 Let all the earth his praises sing,
 O'er all the earth he reigns.

P S A L M XLVIII. Common Metre.

The Beauty of gospel worship and order.

- 1 **G**REAT is the Lord, our only God,
 And let his praise be great;
 He makes his churches his abode,
 His most delightful seat.
- 2 The sacred temples of his grace,
 How beautiful they stand!
 The honors of our native place,
 And bulwarks of our land.
- 3 Still in his church the Lord is known
 A refuge in distress;
 How bright has his Salvation shone!
 His mercy shines no less.
- 4 When kings against his house have join'd,
 And saw the Lord was there,
 In wild confusion of the mind
 They fled with hasty fear.
- 5 Oft have our wond'ring fathers told,
 Our eyes have often seen,
 How well thou hast secur'd the fold,
 Where thine own flock have been.
- 6 In ev'ry time of new distress
 We'll to thy house repair,
 We'll think upon thy wond'rous grace,
 And seek deliv'rance there.

P A R T

P A R T II.

- 7 Far as thy glorious name is known
 The world declares thy praise;
 Thy faints, O Lord, before thy throne
 Their songs of honor raise.
- 8 With joy let Judah's fortrefs stand
 On Sion's chosen hill;
 We'll show the wonders of thy hand
 And counfels of thy will.
- 9 Let strangers to thy grace, walk round
 The city where we dwell;
 Compass and view the sacred ground,
 And mark the structure well.
- 10 The solemn order of thy house,
 The worship of thy court,
 The chearful songs, the willing vows,
 And make a fair report.
- 11 How decent, how divinely wise,
 How glorious to behold!
 Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
 And rites adorn'd with gold.
- 12 The God we humbly worship now,
 Will guide us 'till we die;
 Will be our God while here below,
 And ours above the sky.

P S A L M XLIX. Common Metre.

The vanity of life and riches.

- 1 **W**HY doth the man of riches grow
 To insolence and pride,

To

To see his wealth and honors flow
With ev'ry rising tide?

- 2 Not all his treasures can procure
His life a short reprieve,
Redeem from death one single hour,
Or make his brother live.
- 3 Man sees the brutish and the wise,
The tim'rous and the brave,
Quit their possessions, close their eyes,
And hasten to the grave.
- 4 Yet 'tis his inward thought and pride,
His house shall ever stand;
And, that his name may long abide,
He gives it to his land.
- 5 Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are lost,
How soon his mem'ry dies!
His name is written in the dust,
There all his glory lies.
- 6 Man that to honor is advanc'd,
But not with wisdom blest,
Tho' in a pleasing dream intranc'd
Shall perish like the beast.

P S A L M L. Common Metre.

The last judgment.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the judge, before his throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh;
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.
No more shall bold blasphemers say,
“ Judgment shall ne'er begin;”

No

No more abuse his long delay
To impudence and sin.

- 3 Thron'd on a cloud our God shall come;
Bright flames prepare his way;
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm
Lead on the dreadful day.
- 4 Heav'n from above his call shall hear,
Attending angels come,
And earth and hell shall know and fear,
His justice and their doom.
- 5 But gather all my faints, he cries;
That made their peace with God,
By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
Who seal'd it with his blood.
- 6 Their faith and works brought forth to light,
Shall make the world confess;
My sentence of reward is right,
And Heav'n adore my grace.

P A R T II.

- 7 Thus saith the Lord, the spacious fields
And flocks and herds are mine
O'er all the cattle of the hills
I claim a right divine.
- 8 I ask no sheep for sacrifice,
Nor bullocks burnt with fire:
Faith and obedience, pray'r and praise,
Is all that I require.
- 9 Address my throne when trouble's near,
My hand shall set thee free;
Then shall thy thankful lips declare,
The honor due to me.

- 10 The man that offers humble praise,
 He glorifies me best:
 And those that tread my holy ways,
 Shall my salvation taste.

P S A L M L. Long Metre.

Hypocrisy judged.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the judge, his churches warns,
 Let hypocrites attend and fear,
 Who place their hopes in rites and forms,
 And make not faith nor love their care.
- 2 They watch to do their neighbour wrong,
 Yet dare to seek their Maker's face;
 They take his cov'nant on their tongue,
 But break his laws, abuse his grace.
- 3 To Heav'n they lift their hands unclean,
 Defil'd with falsehood and with blood:
 By night they practice ev'ry sin,
 By day their mouths draw near to God.
- 4 And while his judgments long delay
 They grow secure and sin the more:
 They think he sleeps as well as they,
 And put far off the dreadful hour.
- 5 O dreadful hour, when God draws near,
 And sets their crimes before their eyes!
 His wrath their guilty souls shall fear,
 And no deliv'rer dare to rise.

P S A L M LI. Common Metre.

Sincere repentance preferred to sacrifice.

- 1 **T**O us thy mercy, Lord, extend,
As thou wer't ever kind;
Let us, oppress'd with loads of guilt,
Indulgent pardon find.
- 2 Against thee, righteous Lord, alone,
And only in thy sight,
Have we transgress'd; and though con-
Mustown thy judgments right. [demn'd,
- 3 Twin'd with the tender strings of life,
Sin, like to baneful weeds,
Doth warp our yielding souls from God,
And all their pow'rs misleads.
- 4 Born in a world of guilt, we drew
Contagion with our breath;
And, as our days advanc'd, we grew
A juster prey for death.
- 5 Cleanse us, O Lord, and chear our souls •
With thy forgiving love;
O! make our broken spirits whole,
And bid our fears remove.
- 6 Let not thy spirit quite depart,
Nor drive us from thy face;
Create these hearts, O Lord, a new,
And fill them with thy grace.
- 7 The sacred joy thy favour gives
Let us again obtain;
And this thy spirit's firm support
Our fainting souls sustain.

- 8 Could sacrifice atone, our God,
 The choicest soon should die;
 But on such off'rings thou disdain'st
 To cast a gracious eye.
- 9 A broken spirit ever is
 By God most highly priz'd;
 By him a broken, contrite heart
 Shall never be despis'd.
- 10 Grant us the presence of thy grace,
 Then our rejoicing tongues
 Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
 And praise thee in our songs.

P S A L M LI. Long Metre.

Repentance and faith, in the merits of Christ.

- 1 **O** THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
 Tho' all my crimes before thee lie,
 Behold them not with angry look,
 But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
 And form my soul averse to sin;
 Let thy good spirit ne'er depart,
 Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 Though I have griev'd thy spirit, Lord,
 His help and comfort still afford:
 And let a wretch come near thy throne
 To plead the merits of thy son.
- 4 A broken heart, my God, my King,
 Is all the sacrifice I bring;
 The God of grace will ne'er despise
 A broken heart for sacrifice.

- 5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.
- 6 Then shall thy love inspire my tongue,
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless
The Lord my strength, and righteousness.

P S A L M LII. Common Metre.

*The punishment of slander and oppression, and
the happiness of them that fear God.*

- 1 **I**N vain, O man of lawless might,
Thou gloriest in ill;
Since God, the God in whom we trust,
Grants us his favour still.
- 2 The slanders which thy heart contrives,
Thy tongue disperses round,
And, like a treach'rous razor, gives
An unexpected wound.
- 3 Thy thoughts are more on ill than good,
On lies than truth employ'd;
Thy tongue delights in words, by which
The guiltless are destroy'd.
- 4 For ever God shall thee destroy,
Thee and thy house efface;
That rooted out, thou may'st enjoy
No more on earth a place.
- 5 But like the olives, ever-green,
Which shade God's temple round,
I 2 They

They who in him alone confide
Shall with his grace be crown'd.

- 6 So shall our souls with praise, O God,
Extol thy wond'rous love;
And on thy name with patience wait,
Which all thy saints approve.

P S A L M LIII. Common Metre.

The degenerate state of man.

- 1 **F**OOLS madly venture to suppose
That God is but a name;
This gross mistake their practice shows,
Since virtue they disclaim.
- 2 The Lord look'd down from Heav'n's high
The sons of men to view; [tow'r
To see if any own'd his pow'r,
Or truth, or justice knew.
- 3 But all, he saw, astray were gone,
Degen'rate grown and base;
None for religion car'd, not one
Of all the sinful race.
- 4 O worst of wretches! that they should
Like bread the poor devour;
And neither own God by their pray'rs,
Nor dread his mighty pow'r.
- 5 They shall be seiz'd with sad surprize;
For his avenging arm
Scatters the bones of them that rise
To do his children harm.
- 6 Arise, make haste, O Lord, to set
Thy captive people free;

When

When thy falvation fhall appear
Great will their triumphs be.

P S A L M LIV. Common Metre.

Thanks to God for deliverance from enemies.

- 1 **L**ORD, fave us for thy glorious name,
And in thy ftrength appear
To judge our caufe; accept our pray'r
And to our words give ear.
- 2 The ftangers, whom we never wrong'd,
To ruin us design'd;
And cruel men, who fear no God,
Againft us have combin'd.
- 3 But God protecteth us and ours,
And he's the fureft guard;
The God of truth will give fuch men
Their falshoods juft reward:
- 4 While we our grateful off'rings bring,
And facrifice with joy;
And in his praife our time to come
Delightfully employ.

P S A L M LV. Common Metre.

Divine fupport under fears and deep diftrefs.

- 1 **G**IVE ear, thou judge of all the earth,
And liften when I pray;
Nor from thy humble fuppliant turn
Thy gracious face away.
- 2 My heart is in me troubled fore,
Death terrors on me light;
Amazing horrors whelm me o'er,
I tremble with affright.

- 3 How often have I wish'd that I
 The dove's swift wings could get,
 That I might take a speedy flight,
 And seek a safe retreat.
- 4 Far hence I'd wander, and at length
 Some lonely desert find;
 There stay 'till the fierce storm be spent,
 And leave my fears behind.
- 5 But I will still to God apply,
 The Lord will me protect;
 At ev'n, at morn, at noon I'll cry,
 He'll not my pray'r reject.
- 6 God will preserve my soul from fear,
 Or shield me when afraid;
 Ten thousand angels must appear,
 If he command their aid.
- 7 I cast my burdens on the Lord,
 And he sustains them all;
 My courage rests upon his word,
 That saints shall never fall.

P S A L M LVI. Common Metre.

God's care of his servants.

- 1 **G**OD counts the sorrows of his saints
 Their groans affect his ears;
 Thou hast a book for our complaints,
 A bottle for our tears.
- 2 In thee, most holy, just and true,
 We have repos'd our trust;
 Nor will we fear what man can do,
 The offspring of the dust.

- 3 Thy solemn vows are on us, Lord,
 Thou shalt receive our praise ;
 We'll sing how faithful is thy word,
 How righteous all thy ways.
- 4 Thou hast secur'd our souls from death,
 O set thy pris'ners free ;
 That heart and hand, and life and breath,
 May be employ'd for thee.

P S A L M LVII. Common Metre.

Praise for protection and safety.

- 1 **L**ORD, since we trust in thee alone
 Mercy to us extend ;
 We flee for shelter to thy wings,
 'Till all our troubles end.
- 2 To thee, whose pow'r is over all,
 In our distress we'll cry ;
 Since thou hast sav'd us heretofore
 We'll on thee still rely.
- 3 Our hearts, O God, are now prepar'd,
 With them our tongues we'll raise ;
 And in harmonious concert join,
 Early to sing thy praise.
- 4 The great salvation thou hast wrought,
 We'll to the world proclaim,
 The scatter'd nations shall assist
 Our songs to spread thy fame.
- 5 Thy mercy reaches to the Heav'ns
 Thy truth unto the skies,
 Then let thy glories, Lord, above
 Both earth and Heav'n rise.

P S A L M LVII. Long Metre.

- 1 **O**UR God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown.
Hide us beneath thy spreading wings,
'Till the dark cloud is overblown.
- 2 Up to the Heav'ns we send our cry;
The Lord will our desires perform;
He sends his angels from the sky,
And saves us from the threat'ning storm.
- 3 Our hearts are fix'd, our songs shall raise
Immortal honours to thy name;
Awake our tongues to sound his praise,
Our tongues the glory of our frame.
- 4 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.
- 5 Be thou exalted, O! our God,
Above the Heav'ns, where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

P S A L M LVIII. Long Metre.

A warning to men in power.

- 1 **J**UDGES, who rule the world by laws,
Will ye despise a righteous cause?
Dare ye condemn the injur'd poor,
And let rich sinners 'scape secure?

2 Would

- 2 Would you invade the rights of God,
Or send your bold decrees abroad?
Or bind the conscience in your chains,
When high in Heav'n his justice reigns.
- 3 As empty chaff, when whirlwinds rise,
Before the sweeping tempest flies;
So when God thunders from the sky,
Mens grandeur melts, their titles die.
- 4 Thus shall the doings of the Lord,
Safety and joy to saints afford;
And all shall say, there is on high
A God that hears his people's cry.

P S A L M LIX. Common Metre.

Praise for deliverance from enemies.

- 1 **D**ELIVER us, O Lord our God,
From all our spiteful foes;
In our behalf oppose thy pow'r
To them that us oppose.
- 2 On thee we wait, 'tis on thy strength
For safety we depend:
Thou, Lord of hosts, art our defence,
Who only can'st defend.
- 3 We early shall thy goodness great
And won'drous pow'r confess;
For thou hast been our fortress sure,
Our refuge in distress.
- 5 To thee with never ceasing praise,
O God, our strength, we'll sing;
Thou art our God, the rock from whence
Our health and safety spring.

P S A L M LX. Common Metre.

On a day of humiliation in time of war.

- 1 **L**ORD, hast thou cast the nation off?
 Must we for ever mourn?
 Wilt thou indulge immortal wrath?
 Shall mercy ne'er return?

- 2 Our country shakes beneath thy stroke,
 And dreads thy threat'ning hand;
 O! heal the people thou hast broke,
 Confirm the wav'ring land.

- 3 Lift up a banner in the field,
 For those that fear thy name;
 Save thy beloved with thy shield
 And put our foes to shame.

- 4 Go with our armies to the fight,
 Help us, Almighty God,
 In vain confed'rate pow'rs unite
 Against thy lifted rod.

- 5 Our troops shall gain a wide renown,
 By thine assisting hand;
 'Tis God that treads the mighty down,
 And makes the feeble stand.

P S A L M LXI. Common Metre.

Safety in God.

- 1 **L**ORD, hear our cry, regard our pray'r,
 Which we oppress'd with grief,
 From earth's remotest parts address
 To thee for wish'd relief.
- 2 O lodge us safe beyond the reach
 Of persecuting pow'r,

Thou,

- Thou, who so oft from spiteful foes,
Hast been our shelt'ring tow'r.
- 3 So shall we in thy presence hide,
Which constant safety brings;
All future storms we will defy,
Secure beneath thy wings.
- 4 The vows we made, it pleased thee,
Most graciously to hear:
To us the heritage is giv'n
Of those thy name that fear.
- 5 Bless, Lord, our king, and make his reign
Accepted in thy sight,
O may thy truth and mercy both
In his defence unite.
- 6 So shall we chearful praises sing;
Thy name for ever bless:
To pay those vows, shall be our care,
We made in our distress.

P S A L M LXII. Common Metre.

Faith in the divine power.

- 1 **M**Y soul for help on God relies,
From him my safety flows;
My strength, who all my want supplies,
My refuge from my foes.
- 2 His saving health he doth dispense,
His blessings daily send;
He is my fortress and defence,
On him my hopes depend.
- 3 In him, ye people, always trust,
To him pour out your hearts;

For

For God, the merciful and just,
His timely aid imparts.

- 4 Trust not in base oppressive ways,
Of rapine grow not vain;
Nor let your hearts, if wealth increase,
Be too much set on gain.
- 5 For God hath oft his will express'd,
And we this truth have known,
"To be of boundless pow'r possess'd,
"Belongs to God alone."

P S A L M LXII. Long Metre.

No trust in creatures.

- 1 **M**Y spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.
- 2 Trust him ye faints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face:
When helpers fail and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.
- 3 False are the men of high degree,
The baser sort are vanity;
Laid in the balance both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.
- 4 Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your heart on glitt'ring dust;
Why will ye grasp the fleeting smok,
And not believe what God hath spoke?

5 Once

- 5 Once hath his awful word declar'd,
 Once and again my ears have heard,
 All pow'r is his eternal due;
 He must be fear'd and trusted too.
- 6 For sov'reign pow'r reigns not alone,
 Grace is a partner of the throne:
 Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
 Shall well divide our last reward.

P S A L M LXIII. Common Metre.

*Longing after God, whose love is better than
 Life.*

- 1 **E**ARLY, my God, without delay
 I haste to seek thy face;
 My thirsty spirit faints away
 For thy reviving grace.
- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
 My father art and God;
 And I am thine by sacred ties;
 Thy servant bought with blood.
- 3 With heart and eyes and lifted hands
 To thee for help I look;
 As travellers in thirsty lands,
 Long for the cooling brook.
- 4 Within thy courts I love t' appear,
 With zeal to seek thy face,
 For I have seen thy glory there,
 There tasted oft thy grace.
- 5 Since better is thy love than life,
 My lips thee praise shall give;
 I in thy name will lift my hands,
 And bless thee while I live.

- 6 No delicacies of a feast
 Can please my soul so well,
 As when thy richer grace I taste,
 And in thy presence dwell.
- 7 While others sleep, my wakeful care
 Presents thee to my mind;
 I think, how wise thy counsels are,
 And all thy dealings kind.
- 8 In shadow of thy wings I'll joy,
 For thou mine help hast been:
 Thy goodness shall my faith employ,
 Which in distress I've seen.

P S A L M LXIII. Short Metre.

Seeking God.

- 1 **M**Y God, permit my tongue
 This joy to call thee mine;
 And let my early cries prevail,
 To taste thy love divine.
- 2 My thirsty fainting soul
 Thy mercy does implore;
 Not travellers in desert lands
 Can thirst for water more.
- 3 Within thy house, O Lord,
 I long to find a place,
 Thy pow'r and glory to behold,
 And feel thy quick'ning grace.
- 4 For life without thy love
 No relish can afford;
 No joy can be compar'd with this,
 To serve and please the Lord.

5 Since

- 5 Since thou hast been my help,
 To thee my spirit flies;
 And on thy watchful providence
 My chearful hope relies.
- 6 The shadow of thy wings
 My soul in safety keeps;
 I follow where my father leads,
 And he supports my steps.

P S A L M LXIII. Oxford Tune.

- 1 **O** GOD, my gracious God, to thee
 My morning pray'rs shall offer'd be:
 For thee my thirsty soul doth pant;
 My fainting flesh implores thy grace
 Within this dry and barren place,
 Where I refreshing waters want.
- 2 Since to my soul thy wond'rous love
 Than life itself does dearer prove,
 Thy favour, longed for, restore:
 Then, while this life I shall enjoy,
 My active pow'rs I will employ,
 Thy loving-kindness to adore.

P S A L M LXIV. Common Metre.

*An address to God for preservation from
 enemies.*

- 1 **O** THOU, who knowest all our woes,
 To our request give ear,
 Preserve our lives from threat'ning foes,
 And free our souls from fear.
- 2 O hide us with thy tend'rest care,
 As in a safe retreat;

Protect us from each secret snare,
Intended wrongs defeat.

- 3 Lurking in private they devise
To wound the perfect heart,
And fearless, there, with bold surprize,
They throw each poison'd dart.
- 4 But righteous men, whom God secures,
In him shall gladly trust;
His holy providence ensures
A vict'ry for the just.

P S A L M LXV. Common Metre.

God to be praised for his various blessings.

- 1 **L**ORD, when our raptur'd thought sur-
Thy various blessings o'er; [veys
Thy works all join to teach thy praise,
And bid our souls adore.
- 2 Our sins might thy just anger raise,
As they have born such sway;
But thou, who art of boundless grace,
Wilt purge our sins away.
- 3 Blest is the man, who, near thee plac'd,
Within thy dwelling lives;
Whilst we at humbler distance taste
The joys thy temple gives.
- 4 By wond'rous acts, O God most just,
Have we thine answer found:
In thee remotest nations trust,
And those whom waves surround.
- 5 'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal pow'r:

The

The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

- 6 Thy morning light and ev'ning shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad
Thy flow'rs adorn the spring.
- 7 Thy clouds, like rivers rais'd on high,
Pour out at thy command
Their wat'ry blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.
- 8 The fields array'd in richest green,
With various herbage crown'd
And rip'ned corn, a glorious scene,
Smile joyful plenty round.
- 9 The fleecy wool our flocks adorn,
The blooming flow'rs appear;
Thy goodness shines on us each morn,
And crowns the fruitful year.
- 10 Yet nobler favours claim our praise,
Of gospel light possess'd;
O may we with its genial rays
Be still compleatly blest'd.

P S A L M LXV. Long Metre.

- 1 **T**HE praise of Sion waits for thee,
Our God; and praise becomes thy
There shall thy saints thy glory see, [house;
And there perform their solemn vows.
- 2 O thou, whose mercy bends the skies
To hear, when humble sinners pray,
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And islands of the farthest sea.

- 3 Our sins, we must confess, prevail;
But grace can purge away their stain;
Redeeming blood can never fail
To purify our souls again.
- 4 Blest is the man whom thou shalt chuse,
And give him kind access to thee;
Whose weary soul will not refuse
To taste thy love divinely free.

P S A L M LXV. Oxford Tune.

- 1 **T**HE sweet returns of day and night
Caus'd by thy pow'r must give delight;
Thou visitest the earth with show'rs.
God's streams, with blessings fill'd, adorn
The verdant hills and fields of corn,
On ev'ry tribe his goodness pours.
- 2 The little hills, with fruits are glad,
The vallies are with pastures clad,
The folds and lawns with flocks abound :
For pleasure, food and raiment made
All in their native pride array'd,
Make Heav'n with chearful praise resound.

P S A L M LXVI. Common Metre.

*God to be praised, for his governing power
and goodness, and as the bearer of prayer.*

- 1 **S**ING, all ye nations, to the Lord,
To him your voices raise;
The honour of his name record,
And glorious make his praise.
- 2 Say, to the pow'r that rules on high,
How terrible art thou!

Sinners

- Sinners before thy presence fly,
Or at thy footstool bow.
- 3 Thro' all the earth, the nations round
Shall thee their God confess;
And with glad hymns, in solemn sound,
Their holy dread express.
- 4 Come, and the works which God hath
With admiration view; [wrought
His works, which are with pleasure sought,
His awful glory shew.
- 5 He rules by his resistless might,
His eyes the world survey;
Presumptuous rebels shun his sight
And dread his sov'reign sway.
- 6 O bless our God, and never cease
To speak or sing his praise,
Who guards our life, maintains our peace
And guides our doubtful ways.

P A R T II.

- 7 Thou chaste'nest, Lord, when sinners stray,
To make their graces shine:
By the deep flood or fiery way
Their dross thou dost refine.
- 8 We'll enter then thy sacred house,
And thankful off'rings lay
Before thy footstool, and the vows
We made in trouble pay.
- 9 Come, ye that fear our God, and hear
What for my soul is done;
Your lips and chearful heart prepare,
To make his mercy known.

10 When

- 10 When I to him, with grief oppress'd,
 My fervent cry did raise;
 He heard the voice of my request
 And turn'd my sighs to praise.
- 11 Then blessed ever be our God
 Who hears us when we pray;
 Who mixes mercy with his rod,
 Nor turns his face away.

P S A L M LXVII. Common Metre.

The increase of the church, matter of joy.

- 1 **I**N mercy, Lord, thy chosen race
 To save and bless incline;
 And cause the brightness of thy face
 On all thy saints to shine.
- 2 Then shall thy bright and perfect way
 Thro' all the world be known;
 Lands distant shall their tribute pay,
 And thy salvation own.
- 3 Let all the differing nations join
 To celebrate thy fame;
 Let the whole world, with joy, combine
 To praise thy glorious name.
- 4 O let them shout with joy and sing,
 And praise with pious mirth;
 For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
 Dost govern all the earth.
- 5 Then shall the Lord, upon our land,
 His constant blessings pour
 And all the world in awe shall stand,
 Of his resistless pow'r.

P S A L M LXVII. Short Metre.

- 1 **S**HEW mercy to us, Lord,
 Bless us with gifts divine;
 O let the glories of thy face
 On us thy servants shine.
- 2 May thy good ways be known,
 Thy fear on earth abound
 And thy salvation over all
 The heathen world resound.
- 3 The nations now may sing
 Their joys, since God doth reign;
 He rules with wisdom, this great judge
 Will righteousness maintain.
- 4 Let all, in hymns of praise,
 Their grateful thoughts express;
 Let all the people round the world
 Thy glorious name confess.
- 5 Then shall th' enriched earth
 With plenty overflow;
 And God, with all his other gifts,
 His blessing will bestow.
- 6 His blessings show'r'd on us
 Our happy days shall crown;
 His pow'r and goodness all the world
 With humble fear shall own.

P S A L M LXVIII. Common Metre.

God the preserver of his church.

- 1 **L**ET God, the God of battles rise
 And scatter all his foes;

Let

- Let shameful flight their hosts surprize,
Who dare his pow'r oppose.
- 2 But let the servants of his will
His gentle beams enjoy;
Their upright hearts let gladness fill,
And praise their tongues employ.
- 3 To him your voice in anthems raise
Jehovah's name who bears;
In him rejoice, extol his praise
Who rides on rolling spheres.
- 4 Him, from his empire of the skies,
His kind compassion draws,
The orphan's claim to patronize
And judge the widow's cause.
- 5 'Tis God who, from a foreign soil,
Restores poor exiles home;
Makes captives free; and fruitless toil
Their proud oppressor's doom.
- 6 Proclaim him king, pronounce him blest,
Tho' nations faint thro' fear,
He's our defence, our joy, our rest,
His help is ever near.

P A R T II.

- 7 When thou, O God, thine Israels host
Brought forth from Egypt land;
Their various tribes could justly boast,
The guidance of thy hand.
- 8 Where savages had rang'd before,
At ease their tribes reside;
And in the desert, for thy poor,
Thy bounty did provide.

- 9 In Canaan, when thy mighty pow'r
Gave kings the overthrow;
On Isra'l thou did'st blessings show'r,
That they thy love might know.
- 10 Why do ye leap, ye mountains high?
This is the hill where God
Delights to dwell; his presence nigh
Makes glorious our abode.
- 11 God's chariots many thousands are,
Thousands of Angels strong:
Amidst their hosts he doth appear,
And listens to their song.
- 12 O thou, who art thy churches head,
Thou hast ascended high;
And in triumph victorious led
Captive captivity.
- 13 Rich gifts thou hast receiv'd for man
A rebel to thy will;
And to fulfill redemption's plan,
Thou wilt be with us still.
- 14 Blest be the Lord, who to our souls
Doth sure salvation bring;
Our rebel wills his pow'r controuls,
Who is our Lord and King.
- 15 Ascribe ye pow'r to God most high;
Of Isra'l he takes care;
Makes bare his arm beneath the sky
To guard us from each snare.
- 16 What awful glories, in his court,
What majesty is found!
To us he gives divine support;
His name, with praise, be crown'd.

P S A L M LXVIII. Long Metre.

*Applied to Christ's ascension, according to
Eph. IV. 7. 8.*

- 1 **L**ORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky;
Those heav'nly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.
- 2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there;
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,
And strook the chosen tribes with awe.
- 3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious pow'rs of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains like captives led.
- 4 Rais'd by his father to the throne,
He sent the promis'd spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel-men,
That God might dwell on earth again.
- 5 The Lord will more *his* sacrifice
Than fairest ox or bullock prize;
His offering to humble hearts.
Delight and heav'nly joy imparts.
- 6 God hears the needy when he cries,
Nor does the captives pray'rs despise.
Let Heav'n, earth, sea, with one accord,
Worship and praise th' Almighty Lord.

P A R T II.

Praise for common and special mercies.

- 7 We bless the Lord, the just, the good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food;
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And crowns our years with rich supplies.
- 8 He sends the sun his circuit round,
To chear the fruits, to warm the ground;
He bids the clouds with plenteous rain
Refresh the thirsty earth again.
- 9 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death;
Safety and health to God belong;
He heals the weak and guards the strong.
- 10 He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of his love;
But the wide diff'rence that remains,
Is endless joy or endless pains.
- 11 The Lord that bruis'd the serpents head,
On all the serpent's seed shall tread,
The stubborn sinner's hope confound,
And smite him with a lasting wound.
- 12 But his right hand his saints shall raise
From the deep earth, or deeper seas;
And bring them to his court above,
There they shall sing his endless love.

P S A L M LXIX. Common Metre.

Christ's sufferings and obedience to the death.

1 **N**OW let our lips with holy fear
And mournful pleasure sing

L

The

The suff'rings of our sov'reign Lord,
The sorrows of our king.

- 2 He sinks in floods of deep distress,
How high the waters rise!
While to his heav'nly Father's ear
He sends these earnest cries:
- 3 " Save me, O God, the swelling floods
" Break in upon my soul;
" I sink, and sorrows o'er my head
" Like mighty waters roll.
- 4 " With rage they persecute the man
" That groans beneath thy wound,
" While for a sacrifice he pours
" His life upon the ground.
- 5 " They tread his honor in the dust,
" And laugh when he complains;
" Their sharp insulting slanders add
" Fresh anguish to his pains.
- 6 " With vinegar they mock his thirst,
" They give him gall for food;
" And sporting with his dying groans,
" They triumph in his blood."
- 7 Thus, in the great Messiah's name,
The royal prophet mourns;
Thus he awakes our hearts to grief,
And gives us joy by turns.
- 8 Father, we sing thy wond'rous grace,
We bless our Saviour's name;
• Salvation for the poor he bought,
And bore the sinner's shame.

P S A L M LXIX.

III

- 9 His deep distress has rais'd us high,
His duty and his zeal,
Fulfill'd the law which mortals broke,
And finish'd all thy will.
- 10 This shall his humble followers see,
And set their hearts at rest;
They, by his death, draw near to thee,
And live for ever blest.
- 11 Let Heav'n, and all that dwell on high
To God their voices raise,
While lands and seas assist the sky
And join t' advance thy praise.
- 12 Sion is thine, most holy God,
Thy son shall bless her gates;
And glory purchas'd by his blood
For thine own Israel waits.

P S A L M LXIX. Long Metre.

Christ's sufferings the sinner's salvation.

- 1 **D**EEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
Behold the rising billows roll
To overwhelm his righteous soul.
- 2 In long complaints he spends his breath,
While hosts of hell and pow'rs of death,
And all the sons of malice join
To execute their black design.
- 3 'Twas for our sakes, eternal God,
Thy son sustain'd that heavy load
Of base reproach and fore disgrace,
And shame o'erspread his sacred face.

- 4 The Jews, his brethren and his kin,
Abus'd the Man that check'd their sin;
While he fulfill'd thy holy laws,
They hate him, but without a cause.
- 5 Zeal for the temple of his God
Consum'd his life, expos'd his blood;
Reproaches at thy glory thrown
He felt, and mourn'd them as his own.
- 6 O for his sake our guilt forgive,
And let the trembling sinner live.
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

P S A L M LXX. Common Metre.

For speedy deliv'rance from enemies.

- 1 **T**HY timely succour, Lord, afford,
Assist us in our need;
Give us the comforts of thy word,
For our deliv'rance speed.
- 2 Let such as make our griefs their sport
Convinced be of wrong,
While trusting in thine arm's support
We make thy strength our song.
- 3 Despised tho' we are and poor,
Make us thy special care;
And, as thou oft hast done before,
To our relief repair.
- 4 Let all who humbly seek thy face
In thy salvation joy;
Let those who prize thy matchless grace
Their highest praise employ.

P S A L M LXXI. Common Metre.

*Praise for the continued care of the providence
of God.*

- 1 **I**N thee we put our stedfast trust,
Defend us, Lord, from shame;
Incline thine ear, and save our souls,
For righteous is thy name.
- 2 Thy constant care did safely guard
Our tender infant days,
'Till now, even from our mother's womb;
We'll therefore sing thy praise.
- 3 Each day we gladly shall employ,
To shew thy righteousness:
All day thy saving joys display,
For they are numberless.
- 4 Assisted by thy strength, O God,
We will go safely on:
Thy righteousness we'll spread abroad,
Thy righteousness alone.
- 5 For from our early infancy,
O Lord, thou hast us taught:
And we shall tell continually
What wonders thou hast wrought.
- 6 When hoary age comes creeping on,
And nature's pow'rs decline;
O do not then thy servants leave,
But own us still for thine.

P S A L M LXXI. Short Metre.

- 1 **M**Y everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth;

P S A L M LXXII.

- Thine hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my youth.
- 2 Thy pow'r my flesh has fram'd,
With all these limbs of mine,
And from my mother's painful hour
I've been entirely thine.
- 3 My life hath wonders seen
Repeated ev'ry year;
Behold, my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.
- 4 Cast me not off, O Lord,
When hoary hairs arise,
And round me let thy glory shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.
- 5 Then in my life's account,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in ev'ry page,
In ev'ry line thy praise.

P S A L M LXXII. Common Metre.

The happiness of a good king's reign.

- 1 **L**ORD, let thy wisdom's light the king
In all his ways direct,
And may his royal offspring still
Thy righteous laws respect.
- 2 Then shall he all thy people judge
With pure and upright mind;
The low, afflicted poor shall him,
Their just protector find.
- 3 The hills and mountains shall bring forth
The happy fruits of peace;

Which

Which all the land shall own to be
The work of righteousness.

- 4 His chearing influence shall drop,
As on mown meads the rain,
And as sweet show'rs to raise the crop
Descend t' enrich the plain.
- 5 In his blest days the just and good
Shall be with favour crown'd;
The happy land shall every where
With joyful peace abound.
- 6 Therefore, O Lord, his life and reign
To many years extend;
Let eastern princes tribute pay,
And golden presents send.
- 7 For him shall constant pray'rs be made
Thro' all his prosp'rous days;
His just dominion shall afford
A lasting theme of praise.
- 8 Then bless'd be God, the mighty Lord,
The God whom Israel fears;
Who wond'rous in his works of pow'r
Beyond compare appears.
- 9 Let earth be with his glory fill'd;
For ever bless his name:
Whilst to his praise the list'ning world
Their glad assent proclaim.

P S A L M LXXII. Long Metre.

The blessings of Christ's kingdom.

- 1 **G**REAT God, whose universal sway,
The known and unknown worlds obey;
Now give the kingdom to thy son;
Extend his pow'r, exalt his throne.

- 2 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down;
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heav'nly dew on thirsty hills.
- 3 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.
- 4 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Drest in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from his throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.
- 5 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 6 Let ev'ry creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our king:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long *Amen*.

P S A L M LXXIII. Common Metre.

The prosperity of sinners is their destruction.

- 1 **L**ORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To murmur and repine?
To see the wicked, plac'd on high,
In robes of honour shine.
- 2 I oft debated with myself
Thy ways of providence;
But found the search too hard, and doubts
Long kept me in suspense;

3 Till

- 3 'Till coming to thy house, I there
Did my mistakes amend;
I view'd their way *before*, but *now*
I understood their end.
- 4 I saw the slipp'ry precipice,
On which their feet were plac'd;
And with what terrors seiz'd, when down
To sudden ruin cast.
- 5 See as a dream when one awakes,
So all their glory dies;
When God his seat, to judge them, takes,
He shall their pomp despise.

P A R T II.

God the good man's portion and happiness.

- 6 O Lord, thou art our strong support,
Our help for ever near;
Thine arm of mercy held us up,
When sinking in despair.
- 7 Thou with thy counsel while we live,
Wilt us conduct and guide;
And to thy glory afterwards
Receive us to abide.
- 8 Whom have we in the Heavens high,
But thee, O Lord, alone?
And in the earth whom we desire
Besides thee, there is none.
- 9 What though the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint,
God is the soul's eternal rock,
And portion of the faint.

Behold,

- 10 Behold, the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence die;
Not all the idols which they love,
Can save them when they cry.
- 11 But to draw near to thee, our God,
Shall be *our* sweet employ;
Our tongues shall sound thy works aloud,
And tell the world our joy.

P S A L M LXXIV. Common Metre.

The favour of God supplicated.

- 1 **C**AST us not wholly off, O Lord,
But thy just wrath restrain:
Regard the children of thy love,
And smile on us again.
- 2 What strange deliv'rance hast thou shown
In ages long before?
And now no other God we own,
No other God adore.
- 3 Is not the world of nature thine,
The darkness and the day?
Didst thou not bid the morning shine,
And mark the sun his way?
- 4 Hath not thy pow'r form'd ev'ry coast,
And set the earth its bounds;
With summer's heat, and winter's frost,
In their perpetual rounds?
- 5 And shall the sons of *earth* and *dust*
Thy sacred pow'r blaspheme?
Thy hand which form'd them first will sure
Avenge thine injur'd name.

6 Think

- 6 Think on the cov'nant thou hast made,
 Who art our God and King;
 And of thy mercy and thy truth
 We evermore shall sing.

P S A L M LXXV. Common Metre.

God prais'd, and the proud rebuk'd.

- 1 **T**O thee, O God, we render praise,
 To thee with thanks repair;
 For that thy name to us is nigh,
 Thy wond'rous works declare.*

- 2 The land and all that dwell therein
 May be dissolv'd for fear;
 But we, by providence sustain'd,
 Shall never doubt its care.

- 3 O! may the fool from folly fly,
 The proud their pride restrain;
 Let them not lift their heads on high,
 Nor utter speeches vain.

- 4 For that promotion, which to gain
 Their vain ambition strives;
 From neither east nor west, nor yet
 From southern climes arrives.

- 5 No, God the great disposer is,
 And sov'reign judge alone;
 Who casts the proud to earth, and lifts
 The humble to his throne.

P S A L M LXXV. Long Metre.

*Applied to the revolution, and accession of
king George I. to the throne.*

- 1 **T**O thee, most holy, and most high,
To thee we bring our thankful praise;
Thy works declare thy name is nigh,
Thy works of wonder and of grace.
- 2 Our land was doom'd to be a slave;
Her frame dissolv'd, her fears were great;
When God a new supporter gave
To bear the pillars of the state.
- 3 Let haughty sinners sink their pride,
Nor lift so high their scornful head;
But lay their foolish thoughts aside
And own the king that God hath made.
- 4 Such honors never come by chance,
Nor do the winds promotion blow:
'Tis God the judge doth one advance,
'Tis God that lays another low.
- 5 No vain pretence to royal birth
Shall fix a tyrant on the throne;
God, the great sov'reign of the earth,
Will rise and make his justice known.

P S A L M LXXVI. Common Metre.

*God's majesty in his church, and justice on
its enemies.*

- 1 **I**N Judah God of old was known,
His name in Israel great;
In Salem stood his holy throne,
And Sion was his seat.

2 Among

- 2 Among the praises of his saints,
His dwelling there he chose;
There he receiv'd their just complaints
Against their haughty foes.
- 3 From thence went forth his dreadful word,
And broke the threat'ning spear;
The bow, the arrows, and the sword,
And crush'd the dreadful war.
- 4 What are the earth's wide kingdoms else
But mighty hills of prey?
The hill, on which Jehovah dwells,
More glorious is than they.
- 5 What pow'r can stand before thy sight,
When once thy wrath appears?
When Heav'n shines round with dreadful
The earth is still, and fears. [light,
- 6 When God, in his own sov'reign ways,
Comes down to save th' oppress'd,
The wrath of man shall work his praise,
And he'll restrain the rest.
- 7 Vow to the Lord, and tribute bring;
Ye princes, fear his frown;
His terror shakes the proudest king,
And cuts the wicked down.

P S A L M LXXVII. Common Metre.

*Diffidence overcome by the consideration of
God's former goodness.*

- 1 **T**O God I cry'd, who to my help
Did graciously repair;
In trouble's dismal day I went
To him with humble pray'r.

M

2 I thought

- 2 I thought upon his favours past,
But that increas'd my pain;
I found my spirit more oppress'd,
The more I did complain.
- 3 Thro' ev'ry watch of tedious night
Thou keep'st my eyes awake;
My grief is swell'd to that excess,
I sigh, but cannot speak.
- 4 Has God for ever cast us off?
Withdrawn his favour quite?
Are both his mercy and his truth
Retir'd to endless night?
- 5 Can his long-practis'd love forget
It's wonted aids to bring?
Has he in wrath shut up and seal'd
His mercy's healing spring?
- 6 I'll yet remember the most high,
And years of his right hand;
These mournful fears my weakness hints,
I quickly will disband.
- 7 I'll call to mind his works of old,
The wonders of his might;
On them my heart shall meditate,
My tongue shall them recite.

P A R T II.

- 8 Safe lodg'd from human search on high,
O God, thy counsels are;
Who is so great a God as our's?
Who can with him compare?
- 9 Long since a God of wonders, thee
Thy rescu'd people found;

Long since hast thou thy chosen seed
With strong deliv'rance crown'd.

- 10 The waters saw thee, Lord, the flood
Of waters saw and fear'd;
The depths profound astonish'd stood,
When God in pow'r appear'd.
- 11 Clouds pour'd down streams, while rend-
Did with their noise conspire; [ing skies
Thy arrows all abroad were sent,
Wing'd with avenging fire.
- 12 Heav'n with thy thunder's voice was torn,
Whilst all the lower world
With light'nings blaz'd; earth shook, and
From her foundations hurl'd. [seem'd
- 13 Thro' seas thou mak'st thy wond'rous way;
Thy paths in waters lie;
Deep waters, where no human sight
Thy footsteps can descry.
- 14 A pillar mark'd thy people's way,
Compos'd of shade and light;
By day it prov'd a shelt'ring cloud,
A leading fire by night.

P S A L M LXXVIII. Common Metre.

*The providences of God ungratefully received,
and yet his goodness continued.*

- 1 **L**ET children hear the mighty deeds,
Which God perform'd of old;
He bids us make his glories known,
And all his works unfold.

M 2

2 Thus

- 2 Thus they shall learn in God *alone*
Their hope securely stands;
That they may ne'er forget what's past,
But practise his commands.
- 3 O what a stiff, rebellious house,
Was Jacob's antient race!
False to their own most solemn vows,
And to their Maker's grace.
- 4 They broke the cov'nant of his love,
And did his laws despise;
Forgot the works he wrought to prove
His pow'r before their eyes.
- 5 They saw him cleave the mighty sea,
And march'd in safety through;
With wat'ry walls to guard their way,
'Till they had 'scap'd the foe.
- 6 He from the rock their thirst supply'd;
The gushing waters fell,
And ran in rivers by their side,
A constant miracle.
- 7 Yet they provok'd the Lord most high,
And dar'd distrust his hand;
"Can he with bread our hosts supply,
"Amidst this desert land."
- 8 The Lord with indignation heard,
And caus'd his wrath to flame;
His terrors ever stand prepar'd
To vindicate his name.
- 9 When some were slain, the rest return'd
And fought the Lord with tears;
- Under

Under the *rod* they fear'd and mourn'd,
But soon forgot their fears.

- 10 Oft he chastis'd and still forgave,
'Till by his gracious hand,
The nation, he resolv'd to save,
Possess'd the promis'd land.

P S A L M LXXIX. Common Metre.

*Prayer for deliverance, and thankfulness on
the receipt of it.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD, O God, how heathen hosts
Have thy possession seiz'd;
Thy sacred house they have defil'd,
Thy holy city raz'd.
- 2 How long wilt thou be angry, Lord,
Must we for ever mourn?
Shall thy devouring jealous wrath
Like fire for ever burn?
- 3 For thy name's glory help us, Lord,
Who hast our Saviour been;
Deliver us we humbly pray,
And take away our sin.
- 4 O let the pris'ners sighs ascend
Before thy throne on high;
Preserve those, by thy saving pow'r,
That doomed are to die.
- 5 So we, thy people, and thy flock,
Shall ever praise thy name;
And with glad hearts our grateful thanks
From age to age proclaim.

P S A L M LXXX. Common Metre.

*The church's misery complained of, and her
prosperity prayed for.*

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of Israel, who dost guide
Joseph thy flock, give ear;
Who 'midst the cherub's dost reside,
Shine forth and bright appear.
- 2 Turn us again, and let thy face
For our salvation shine;
How long, Lord, will it be 'ere thou
Thy gracious ear incline.
- 3 From Egypt thou hast brought a vine,
Transplanted by thine hand;
Expell'd the heathen, that it's roots
Might spread and fill the land.
- 4 The hills were cover'd with 'its shade,
It's head, like cedars, rose;
These boughs it to the sea convey'd,
And to Euphrates *those*.
- 5 Why is her fence broke down? her grapes
By each rude stranger press'd?
The boar roots up her plants, her fruits
Devour'd by ev'ry beast.
- 6 Return, O God of hosts, we pray,
Thy wonted grace renew;
From Heav'n, thy throne, this vine survey,
Her state with pity view.
- 7 Regard the vineyard in our land
Planted by thy great might;
Also the *branch* by thy right hand
Made strong for thy delight.

- 8 Smile, Lord, thy gracious aids impart
 To him that's rais'd by thee:
 Thou strength'nest him by thy right hand,
 More strength'ned let him be.
- 9 So with distinguish'd favours blest,
 We shall revolt no more:
 Revive our souls with peace and rest,
 And we'll thy name adore.
- 10 Turn us, Lord God of Hosts, we pray,
 And we'll thy praises sing;
 The glories of thy face display,
 Which will salvation bring.

P S A L M LXXX. Long Metre.

- 1 **G**REAT shepherd of thine Israel,
 Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
 And lead thy tribes, thy chosen sheep,
 Safe thro' the desert and the deep.
- 2 The church is in the desert now,
 Shine from on high, and bring us thro';
 Turn us to thee thy love restore,
 We shall be fav'd and sigh no more.
- 3 Great God, whom heav'nly hosts obey,
 How long shall we lament and pray,
 And wait in vain thy kind return?
 How long shall thy fierce anger burn?
- 4 Hast thou not planted with thy hands
 A lovely vine in heathen lands?
 Did not thy pow'r defend it round,
 And heav'nly dews enrich the ground?
- 5 How did the spreading branches shoot,
 And bless the nations with the fruit?

But

But now, dear Lord, look down and see
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.

- 6 Why is its beauty thus defac'd?
Why hast thou laid her fences waste?
Return, Almighty God, return,
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn.

P S A L M LXXXI. Common Metre.

Spiritual blessings and punishments.

- 1 **T**O God, our never failing strength,
With loud applauses sing,
And jointly raise the voice of praise
To Jacob's awful king.
- 2 With wrongs oppress'd his church of old
To him for aid did call;
With pity he their suff'rings saw,
And set them free from all.
- 3 While he his solemn will declares
His chosen people hear;
And while the God of Israel speaks
Lend your attentive ear.
- 4 From vile idolatry he bids
Preserve his worship clean;
For he's our God who sets us free
From slavery and sin.
- 5 Stretch your enlarg'd desires abroad,
And hearken to his voice;
Soon he will ease you of your wrongs,
And bid your hearts rejoice.
- 6 While he destroys their cruel foes
He'll richly feed his flock;

And

And they shall taste the stream that flows
From their eternal rock.

P S A L M LXXXII. Common Metre.

God the supreme ruler, or magistrates admonished.

- 1 **A**MONG th' assemblies of the great
The ruler of the sky,
By sov'reign right assumes his seat,
And doth their counsels try.
- 2 The God of Heav'n as judge surveys
Their deep concerted laws,
Unravels all their wicked ways,
And pleads the orphan's cause.
- 3 Let therefore men in pow'r protect
The helpless in distress;
Let them the innocent preserve
From such as would oppress.
- 4 How can they dare pervert the truth
Or be to justice blind?
Justice and truth (the world supports)
Shall Heav'n's protection find.
- 5 Arise, and thy just judgments, Lord,
Throughout the earth display;
Then all the nations of the world,
Shall own thy righteous sway.

P S A L M LXXXIII. Common Metre.

A complaint against persecutors.

- 1 **A**ND will the God of wond'rous grace
Perpetual silence keep?

Behold

- Behold thine enemies encrease,
And lay their counsels deep.
- 2 See for the just what cruel snares
These sons of mischief spread:
Against thy saints their malice dares
Lift up its threat'ning head.
- 3 Come let us cut them off, they cry,
Their nation quite deface;
Blot from the earth the memory
Of this obnoxious race.
- 4 Awake, put on thy strength, O Lord,
Convince them of their wrong;
We fly for refuge to thy word,
O make thy strength our song.
- 5 So shall the wond'ring world confess,
That thou, who claim'st alone
Jehovah's name, dost still possess
In Heav'n thy lofty throne.

P S A L M LXXXIV. Common Metre.

The pleasure and advantages of public worship.

- 1 **H**OW blest, how lovely is the place
To which our God resorts!
How sweet to taste his heav'nly grace,
The pleasures of his courts!
- 2 My heart and flesh cry out for thee,
My Saviour and my God;
When shall I tread thy courts and see
The place of thine abode?
- 3 Securely there the feather'd throng,
Their early voices raise;

My

My spirit faints to join their song
And emulate their praise.

- 4 O Lord of hosts, our God and King,
How highly blest are they,
Who in thy temple gladly sing,
Or humbly learn to pray.
- 5 Thrice happy souls, who in thy house,
Where thou appoints to hear,
Pay chearful, with their solemn vows,
Their constant service there.
- 6 Who passing thro' life's dreary vale
Do no refreshment want;
And who embrace each friendly gale
That thou for Heav'n dost grant.
- 7 Thus they proceed from strength to strength,
And still approach more near,
Until in Sion they at length
Before their God appear.

P A R T II.

- 8 To thee, O God we would draw near;
Our humble suit attend:
See, God our shield, and lend thine ear,
And promis'd mercy send.
- 9 To sit one day beneath thine eye,
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity,
Employ'd on earthly joys.
- 10 Lord, at thy threshold we would wait,
While Christ is preach'd within,
Rather than sit on thrones of state,
Or dwell in tents of sin.

¶ For

- 11 For God the Lord's a sun and shield,
 He'll 'grace and glory give;
 And no good thing will he with-hold
 From them that justly live.
- 12 O Lord, whom heav'nly hosts obey,
 That man is truly blest;
 Who makes thine arm his constant stay,
 Thy promises his rest.

P S A L M LXXXIV. Long Metre.

- 1 **H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,
 O Lord of Hosts, thy dwellings are!
 With long desire my spirit faints
 To join the assemblies of thy saints.
- 2 Blest are the souls that find a place,
 Within the temple of thy grace;
 There they behold thy gentler rays,
 And seek thy face, and learn thy ways.
- 3 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
 To find the way to Zion's gate;
 God is their strength; and thro' the road
 They lean upon their helper God.
- 4 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
 'Till they arrive in Heav'n at length;
 'Till they before thy face appear,
 And join in nobler worship there.

P A R T II.

Grace and glory.

- 5 Great God, attend while Zion sings,
 The joy that from thy presence springs;
 T.

To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand years of mirth.

- 6 Might we enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of pow'r,
Should tempt our feet to leave thy door.
- 7 God is our sun, he makes our day ;
God is our shield, he guards our way :
From all assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.
- 8 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too!
He gives us all things, and with-holds
No real good from upright souls.
- 9 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway,
The glorious host of Heav'n obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

P S A L M LXXXIV. As the 148 Psalm.

- 1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair,
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
To thine abode,
My heart aspires,
With warm desires,
To see my God.
- 2 To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside:

N

Where

Where God resorts
I love it more
To keep the door,
Than shine in courts.

- 3 God is our sun and shield
Our light and our defence,
With gifts his hands are fill'd,
We draw our blessings thence:
He shall bestow,
On Jacob's race
Peculiar grace;
And glory too.

- 4 The Lord his people loves,
His hand no good with-holds;
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls:
Thrice happy he,
O God of Hosts,
Whose spirit trusts,
Alone in thee!

P S A L M LXXXV. Common Metre.

Deliverance begun and compleated.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast call'd thy grace to
Thou hast revers'd our doom: [mind,
Thus God forgave when Israel sinn'd
And brought his captives home.
- 2 Thou hast begun to set us free,
And made thy wrath abate:
Now let our hearts be turn'd to thee,
And all our joys compleat.

3 Revive

- 3 Revive our languid graces, Lord,
And let thy saints rejoice;
Make known thy truth, fulfil thy word,
So praise shall tune our voice.
- 4 We wait to hear what God will say,
He'll give his people peace:
But let them run no more astray,
In ways of foolishness.
- 5 Salvation is for ever nigh,
The souls that fear the Lord;
And grace descending from on high
Sweet hopes of Heav'n afford.
- 6 Mercy and truth within our view,
Like kind companions greet;
Therefore we will those paths pursue
Where endless blessings meet.

P S A L M LXXXVI. Common Metre.

A song of praise.

- 1 **T**O our address, O thou most high,
Thy gracious ear incline:
We are distress'd, and destitute
Of all relief but thine.
- 2 To us, who daily thee invoke,
Thy mercy, Lord, extend:
Refresh our souls, whose various hopes
On thee alone depend.
- 3 Among the gods there's none like thee,
O Lord, alone divine;
To thee as much inferior they,
As are their works to thine.

- 4 The nations thou hast made shall bring
 Their off'rings to thy throne,
 For thou alone dost wond'rous things,
 And thou art God alone.
- 5 Lord, we would walk with holy fear,
 Teach us thy heav'nly ways,
 And all our scatter'd thoughts unite,
 In our Creator's praise.
- 6 Great is thy mercy, and our tongues;
 Shall all thy wonders tell;
 How by thy grace our sinking souls
 Rose from the deeps of hell.
- 7 More tokens give that thou art kind,
 Which all the world may see;
 Then, they shall chuse thee, when they find
 Our comforts flow from thee.

P S A L M LXXXVII. Common Metre.

Jews and Gentiles united in the christian church.

- 1 **O**UR churches crown the holy mount,
 Where God vouchsafes to dwell;
 Our Sion's gates, in his account,
 All Jacob's tents excel.
- 2 Most glorious things are said of thee
 O city of the Lord!
 Rahab and Babylon shall be
 Thy converts on record.
- 3 With pleasing wonder men shall read
 Who in thy church were born;
 From it the diff'rent saints proceed
 That diff'rent climes adorn.

P S A L M LXXXVIII.

137

- 4 In it the Gentile with the Jew
Are like presumptive heirs;
Where men begin their lives anew,
Eternal springs are theirs.

P S A L M LXXXVII. Long Metre.

- 1 **G**OD in his earthly temples lays
Foundations for his heav'nly praise;
He likes the tents of *Jacob* well,
But still in *Sion* loves to dwell.
- 2 What glories were describ'd of old?
What wonders are of *Sion* told?
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.
- 3 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honor to appear
As one new born or nourish'd there.
- 4 When ev'ry nation, Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew;
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.

P S A L M LXXXVIII. Common Metre.

A wounded spirit who can bear?

- 1 **O** GOD, my Saviour, I have cried
Before thee night and day;
Let not thy mercy be denied
When unto thee I pray.
- 2 In paths of deepest woe I tread,
My soul in darkness lies;

N 3

Prefs'd

Press'd with thy hand, while o'er my head
Thy dreadful billows rise.

3 Thy goodness, shall the buried dead
To wond'ring nations show?
Shall op'ning graves rehearse and spread
Thy wonders here below?

4 To thee, dear Lord, I cry, to thee
My earnest pray'rs are made,
O let my soul revived be
With timely love display'd.

P S A L M LXXXIX. Common Metre.

The faithfulness and majesty of God; the blessedness of those who receive the gospel; and the unchangableness of the divine covenant.

1 **M**Y never ceasing song shall show
The mercies of the Lord,
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.

2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce
Shall firm as Heav'n endure;
And if he speak a promise once,
Th' eternal grace is sure.

3 How long the race of David held,
The promis'd jewish throne!
But there's a nobler cov'nant seal'd
To David's greater son.

4 His seed for ever shall possess,
A throne above the skies;
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.

5 Lord

- 5 Lord God of hosts, thy wond'rous ways
Are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth their honors raise
To thy unchanging love.
- 6 Thy words the raging winds controul,
And rule the boist'rous deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
And rolling billows sleep.

P A R T II.

- 7 With rev'rence let us now appear,
And bow before the Lord;
His high commands with silence hear,
And tremble at his word.
- 8 How terrible his glories are!
How bright his armies shine!
What pow'r on earth can we compare
With that which is divine?
- 9 Justice and judgment on his throne,
Maintain their dwelling place;
And truth and mercy join'd in one
Still go before his face.
- 10 Blessed are they that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend them as they go,
And light their paths surround.
- 11 In the Redeemer's name shall they,
Exceedingly rejoice;
And in *his* righteousness each day
Exult with chearful voice.
- 12 The Lord, their glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;

Their

Their God and King for ever reigns,
Their Saviour ever lives.

P A R T III.

- 13 God to his holy prophet said,
(And made his mercy known)
That sinner's safety should be laid
On his Almighty son.
- 14 High shall he reign on David's throne,
His people's better King;
His arm shall beat his rivals down,
And angels triumph sing.
- 15 His cov'nant stands for ever fast,
His promises are strong;
Firm as the Heav'ns his throne shall last,
His seed endure as long.
- 16 Yet, faith the Lord, if David's race,
The children of my son,
Should break my laws, abuse my grace,
And tempt mine anger down:
- 17 Their sins I'll visit with the rod,
And make their folly smart;
But I'll not cease to be their God,
Nor from my truth depart.
- 18 My cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
But keep my grace in mind,
And what eternal love hath spoke,
Eternal truth shall bind.
- 19 Once have I sworn (I need no more)
And pledg'd my holiness;

To

P S A L M LXXXIX.

141

To seal the sacred promise sure,
To David and his race.

- 20 The sun shall see his offspring rise,
And spread from sea to sea;
Long as he travels round the skies,
To give the nations day.
- 21 Sure as the moon that rules the night,
His kingdom shall endure,
'Till the fix'd laws of shade and light
Shall be observ'd no more.

P S A L M LXXXIX. Long Metre

The covenant made with Christ.

- 1 **F**OR ever shall my song record,
The truth and mercy of the Lord :
Mercy and truth for ever stand,
Like Heav'n establish'd by his hand.
- 2 Thus to his son, the father said,
" With thee my cov'nant firm is made;
" In thee shall dying sinners live,
" Glory and grace are thine to give.
- 3 " Be thou my prophet, thou my priest;
" Thy children shall be ever blest;
" Thou art my chosen King, thy throne
" Shall stand eternal like my own.
- 4 " There's none of all my sons above
" So much my image or my love ;
" Celestial pow'rs thy subjects are ;
" What then can earth to thee compare?
- 5 Now let the church rejoice and sing,
Jesus her Saviour and her King;

Angels

Angels his heav'nly wonders show,
And saints declare his works below.

- 6 With rev'rence all his saints appear,
Approach his throne with awful fear.
The Lord of Hosts with strength abounds,
And faithfulness his throne surrounds.
- 7 His mighty arm in pow'r excels,
And valour in his right-hand dwells:
His throne is fix'd on judgment sure,
His mercy ever shall endure.
- 8 Thrice happy they, his voice who hear,
And by his law their courses steer:
Exalted in his righteousness,
They shall address him with success.

P A R T II.

A funeral Psalm.

- 9 Remember, Lord, our mortal state,
How frail our life! how short the date!
Where is the man that draws his breath,
Safe from disease, secure from death?
- 10 Lord, while we see whole nations die,
Our flesh and sense repine and cry;
"Must death for ever rage and reign?
"Or hast thou made mankind in vain?
- 11 Where is thy promise to the just?
Are not thy servants turn'd to dust?
But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
And sees the sleeping dust arise.
- 12 That glorious hour, that dreadful day
Wipes the reproach of saints away,
And

And clears the honor of thy word;
Awake, our souls, and bless the Lord.

P S A L M XC. Common Metre.

The eternity of God, and frailty of man.

- 1 **O** GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast;
And our eternal home.
- 2 Ere earth was form'd, or hills were seen,
Or Heav'n was stretch'd abroad;
From everlasting thou hast been,
And art for ever God.
- 3 Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
Of which he first was made;
And when thou say'st, "return," thou must
That instant be obey'd.
- 4 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an ev'ning gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.
- 5 Our days, alas, our mortal days
Are short and wretched too;
Evil and few, the Patriarch says,
And well the Patriarch knew.
- 6 'Tis but at best a narrow bound,
That God alots to men
And pains and sins run thro' the round
Of threescore years and ten.
- 7 Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;

The

The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.

8 Time like an ever-rolling stream
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.

9 Like flow'ry fields the nations stand
Pleas'd with the morning light,
The flow'rs beneath the mowers hand,
Lie with'ring 'ere 'tis night.

P A R T II.

10 Lord, if thine eye surveys our faults,
And justice grows severe,
Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,
And burns beyond our fear.

11 Return, O God of love, return;
Let sin and sorrow cease,
No longer let thy children mourn,
But may their joys encrease.

12 Our souls would learn the heav'nly art,
Of numb'ring out our days;
O may we still apply our heart,
To wisdom's sacred ways.

13 Thy wonders to thy servants show,
Make thine own work compleat;
Then shall our souls thy glory know,
And own thy love was great.

14 Under the shadow of thy throne,
Thy children dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
Our safety to ensure.

15 O God,

- 15 O God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come;
 Be thou our guard, while troubles last,
 And our eternal home.
- 16 There shall we shine before thy throne,
 In all thy beauty, Lord!
 And the poor service we have done,
 Meet a divine reward.

P S A L M XC. - Long Metre.

Mans mortality.

- 1 **T**HIS, Lord, and ev'ry age has seen,
 Thou hast their help and refuge been;
 Before the Heavens had their birth,
 'Ere ever thou hadst form'd this earth;
- 2 Thou hadst a being long before,
 And shalt abide when time's no more;
 But thy decree 'gainst man was just,
 Remanding him back to his dust.
- 3 A thousand years are in thy sight,
 But as the watches of the night:
 Death's like an overflowing stream,
 Man's life but as the passing dream.
- 4 Like flow'rs at morn we flourish fair,
 E're night approach we with'ered are;
 To death as swift as breath or thought,
 Our passing years are quickly brought.
- 5 O that the sense of our last end,
 The troubles which this life attend,
 May more excite our fear of thee
 And wake our love of piety.

O

6 Since

- 6 Since acts of grace thy glory are,
 To shew thy beauties, Lord, appear;
 Afford thy light to guide our way,
 And lead us to eternal day.

P S A L M XCI. Common Metre.

Safety amidst diseases and dangers.

- 1 **W**HO makes th' Almighty his resort,
 Safe in his shade abides;
 God is my refuge and my fort,
 In him my soul confides.
- 2 He'll save thee from the fowler's snare,
 And from the pestilence;
 He'll o'er thee spread his wings with care,
 His truth is thy defence.
- 3 The secret terrors of the night,
 Shall never thee dismay;
 Nor shall the shafts thy soul affright,
 Which fly in open day.
- 4 Thou shalt not those infectious plagues,
 That walk in darkness dread;
 Nor ills that in hot seasons rage,
 And wide their ruins spread.
- 5 Thousands shall fall at thy right hand;
 Whilst from all dangers free,
 A safe spectator thou shalt stand,
 And sinners ruin see.

P A R T II.

- 6 Because thy well-plac'd trust is fix'd
 Upon the Lord most high;

P S A L M XCI.

147

- No ill shall thee befall, no plague
Thy dwelling shall annoy.
- 7 For he shall charge his heav'nly host,
To bear thee in their arms;
And watch the way wherein thou go'st,
And keep thee safe from harms.
- 8 Those holy guardians thee shall guide,
And with such care attend,
No sudden fall shall thee surprize;
No stone shall thee offend.
- 9 Because he set his love on me,
I'll rescue him from shame,
Saith God; and lift his head on high,
For he hath known my name.
- 10 My grace shall answer those that call;
In trouble I'll be nigh:
My pow'r shall help them when they fall,
And raise them when they die.
- 11 With length of happy days, I will
My servant satisfy;
And he shall my salvation see,
And it's sweet fruits enjoy.

P S A L M XCI. Long Metre.

- 1 **H**E that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.
- 2 Then will I say, " my God, thy pow'r
" Shall be my fortress and my tow'r:
" I, that am form'd of feeble dust,
" Make thine Almighty arm my trust."

- 3 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire;
God is my life, his wings are spread.
To shield me with a healthful shade.
- 4 If vapours with malignant breath
Rise thick and scatter midnight death,
Israel is safe; the poison'd air
Grows pure, if *Israel's* God be there.
- 5 What tho' a thousand at thy side,
Ten thousand at thy right hand dy'd;
Thy God his chosen people saves,
Amongst the dead, amidst the graves.
- 6 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord,
To strike his saints among the rest;
Their very pains and death are blest.
- 7 The sword, or pestilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfil their best desire;
From sins and sorrows set them free,
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

P S A L M XCII. Common Metre.

*God praised for his goodness and mighty works,
both morning and evening.*

- 1 **H**OW good and pleasant must it be
To thank the Lord most high?
And with sweet hymns of chearful praise
His name to magnify?
- 2 With ev'ry morning's early dawn
His goodness to relate,

And

And of his constant truth, each night,
The glad effects repeat.

3 Great are thy works, and thy designs
Contain the deepest sense;
Tho' wicked men and fools mistake
Thy ways of providence.

4 'Tis little thought, when wicked men
Like grass look fresh and gay,
How soon their short-liv'd splendor must
For ever pass away.

5 But righteous men, like fruitful palms,
Or stately cedars grow;
They planted in thy courts are fed,
With springs that ever flow.

6 There they are fair, and ever thrive,
And still more fruit shall bring;
Age, that makes other things decay,
Makes them more flourishing.

7 Thus God appears to all the world,
To be both good and just;
No falseness can be charg'd on him,
Who is our rock and trust.

P S A L M XCII. Long Metre.

A Psalm for the Lord's day.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
S To praise thy name give thanks and sing;
To shew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;

- None that attend thy gates shall find,
A God unfaithful or unkind.
- 3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels, how divine!
- 4 I then shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refin'd my heart;
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to chear my head.
- 5 Thus shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desir'd or wish'd below;
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

P S A L M XCIII. Common Metre.

The power and majesty of God.

- 1 **T**HE Lord doth reign, and cloath'd is he
With majesty most bright;
His works do shew he is array'd,
And girt about with might.
- 2 The world is firmly 'stablished,
That it cannot depart;
Thy throne is fix'd of old, and thou
From everlasting art.
- 3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the seas comply.
- 4 Thy testimonies, ev'ry one,
In faithfulness excel;

And

And holiness for ever, Lord,
Thine house becometh well.

P S A L M XCIII. Long Metre.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns, he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might:
The world, created by his hands,
Still on it's first foundation stands.
- 2 But e'er this spacious world was made,
Or had it's first foundations laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the everlasting God.
- 3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies;
Vain floods that aim their rage so high!
At thy rebuke the billows die.
- 4 For ever shall thy throne endure,
Thy promise stands for ever sure;
And everlasting holiness,
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

P S A L M XCIV. Common Metre.

*The tyranny of the wicked, and providence of
God in favour of the righteous and good.*

- 1 **H**OW long shall evil men triumph,
And boast their villanies?
Speak scornfully of God himself,
And providence despise?
- 2 Who, whilst the ruin of the poor,
And innocent they plot;
Say, that the Lord does not discern,
Or else regards it not.

5 When

- 3 When will these brutish sinners learn?
 These senseless fools be wise?
 Shall he not hear, that made the ears,
 And see, that form'd the eyes?
- 4 Can't he, who sense on man bestows,
 Their secret thoughts descry?
 Mens hearts the Lord doth thoroughly search,
 And knows their vanity.
- 5 Blest is the man, whom thou, O Lord,
 Dost fatherly chastise,
 And out of thy most holy law,
 Instruct and make him wise.
- 6 For he shall rest and safety find
 In seasons of distress;
 Whilst God will surely punish those
 Who stubbornly transgress.

P A R T II.

- 7 Tho' good men, for a while chastis'd,
 May under troubles groan;
 God will not utterly forsake,
 Nor cast away his own.
- 8 Neglected judgment shall return,
 Again to act its part;
 And thy just ways shall be approv'd,
 By men of upright heart.
- 9 What pow'r will rise, who'll for me stand
 And from the wicked save?
 Without th' Almighty's helping hand,
 My lot had been the grave.
- 10 When I despair'd to stand at all,
 Thy mercy me upheld;

Thy

Thy comforts eas'd my troubled thoughts,
And swelling passions quell'd.

- 11 Therefore my trust is firmly plac'd
In God, the Lord most high;
He is my rock to which I may
For refuge always fly.

P S A L M XCV. Common Metre.

An exhortation to praise God.

- 1 COME let us, with united joys,
To God our voices raise;
With thankful hearts before him come,
And loudly sing his praise.
- 2 For God's a great God, and great King!
Above all gods he is:
Depths of the earth are in his hands,
The strength of hills is his.
- 3 To him the spacious sea belongs,
For he the same did make;
The dry land also from his hand
It's form at first did take.
- 4 O come, and let us worship him,
Let us bow down withal;
And on our knees, before the Lord,
Our maker, let us fall.
- 5 Now is the time he bends his ear,
And waits for your request;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath and swear,
Ye shall not see his rest.
- 6 Sing to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;

When

When his salvation is your theme,
Exalted be your voice.

P S A L M XCV. Long Metre.

God to be praised, and served without delay.

- 1 **C**OME, let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise:
God is a sovereign King; rehearse
His honor in exalted verse.
- 2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who fram'd our natures with his word;
He is our shepherd; we the sheep
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.
- 3 Come, let us hear his voice to day,
The counsels of his love obey;
Nor let our hard'ned hearts renew,
The sins and plagues that *Israel* knew.
- 4 Seize the kind promise while it waits;
Advance to Sion's heavenly gates:
Believe, and take the promis'd rest,
Obey, and be for ever blest.

P S A L M XCVI. Common Metre.

*God praised for his greatness and equity in
judging.*

- 1 **S**ING ye with joy new songs to God;
All earth his praise display;
Bless his great name, and spread abroad
His goodness day by day.
- 2 For great's the Lord, and greatly he
Is to be magnify'd;

Yea,

P S A L M XCVI.

155

Yea, worthy to be fear'd is he
Above all gods beside.

- 3 For all the gods are idols dumb
Which blinded nations fear:
But our God is the Lord, by whom
The Heav'ns created were.
- 4 Great honour is before his face,
And majesty divine;
Strength is within his holy place,
And there doth beauty shine.
- 5 With awe approach this sov'reign's throne,
And rev'rently adore;
Let all the earth his name confess,
And dread his glorious pow'r.
- 6 Let Heav'ns be glad before the Lord,
And let the earth rejoice;
Let seas, and all that are therein,
Cry out and make a noise.
- 7 Let fields rejoice, and ev'ry thing
That springeth of the earth;
Then woods, and ev'ry tree shall sing,
With gladness and with mirth,
- 8 Before the Lord; because he comes,
To judge the earth comes he;
He'll judge the world with righteousness,
The people faithfully.

P S A L M XCVI. PART II.

Thanks to God for Jesus Christ.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue;

His

His new discover'd grace demands,
A new and nobler song.

- 2 Say to the nations, *Jesus* reigns,
God's own beloved son;
His pow'r the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.
- 3 Let Heaven proclaim the blissful day;
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in chearful green.
- 4 Let an unusual joy surprize,
The islands of the sea;
Ye mountains sink, ye vallies rise
Prepare the Lord his way.
- 5 Behold he comes, he comes to bless
The nations as their God;
To shew the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.
- 6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near;
How will the *guilty* nations dread
To see their judge appear?

P S A L M XCVII. Common Metre.

The majesty of God's kingdom.

- 1 **T**HE Lord doth reign as sov'reign King,
Let all the earth rejoice;
The multitudes of isles shall sing
With a triumphant voice.
- 2 Darkness and clouds, and gloomy night
Surround his awful court;

Most

Most perfect judgment, truth and right,
His stable throne support.

3 In presence of all nature's Lord
The melted hills flow down;
His righteousness the Heav'ns declare,
And men his glory own.

4 Glad Sion heard thy judgments, Lord,
With admiration fill'd;
To Judah's daughters thy great acts,
Did joy and triumph yield.

5 Thou, O our God, art high above
All things on earth that are;
Above all other gods thou art,
Exalted very far.

6 Rejoice ye righteous in the Lord;
His perfect holiness
Deep in your faithful breasts record,
And with glad tongues confess.

P S A L M XCVII. Long Metre.

1 **L**ET earth rejoice, since God doth reign;
For though thick darkness doth sur-
And cloud his ways of *providence*, [round
Yet perfect goodness is their ground.

2 All ye who love and serve the Lord,
Strictly preserve your innocence;
Then, tho' the wicked seek your fall,
God will provide for your defence.

3 Th' immortal seeds of life and bliss
For truly pious men are sown;
A joyful harvest will, at length,
Their labours and their sorrows crown.

- 4 Then let your chearful temper shew
The God you serve is good and kind;
Praise him for all his mercies past,
And wait with joy for those behind.

P S A L M XCVIII. Common Metre.

An exhortation to praise God.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord a new made song,
For he hath marvels done;
His holy hand, and arm most strong
The victory hath won.
- 2 The light of his salvation round
To heathen lands extends;
His mercy Jacob's race hath found,
And the earth's utmost ends.
- 3 Let all the world this welcome news
Applaud with loudest noise;
And music join to hymns of praise,
To testify their joys.
- 4 For joy let the loud ocean roar,
Join comfort all ye lands;
Let ecchoing hills the noise repeat,
And rivers clap their hands;
- 5 To welcome down the world's great Lord,
For his approach is nigh;
He comes to judge and rule the earth,
With truth and equity.

P S A L M

P S A L M XCIX. Common Metre.

The kingdom of God in Sion.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns, and he alone,
 Let all the nations fear;
 Let sinners tremble at his throne,
 And saints be humble there.
- 2 God, who in Sion hath his seat,
 From all doth homage claim;
 Ye people praise the Lord, for great
 And holy is his name.
- 3 Tho' great in pow'r, this mighty King
 Loves judgment truth and right;
 He rules with just and equal sway,
 Goodness is his delight.
- 4 The Lord our God exalt ye still,
 Bow down before his throne;
 And worship at his sacred hill,
 For he's the holy one.

P S A L M C. Common Metre.

Praise to God our Maker.

- 1 **O**ALL ye lands, unto the Lord
 Send forth a joyful noise;
 Approach with gladness, him before
 Come with harmonious voice.
- 2 Be well assur'd that he is God;
 Not *we* but *he* us made;
 We are his people and the flock,
 Within his pastures fed.

P 2

3 Enter

- 3 Enter his gates with songs of praise,
 Thence to his courts repair;
 And let it be your sweet employ,
 To pay your homage there.
- 4 Because the Lord our God is good,
 His mercy's ever sure;
 His truth hath always firmly stood,
 And always shall endure.

P S A L M C. Long Metre.

- 1 **W**ITH one consent let all the earth
 To God their chearful voices raise;
 Glad homage pay with awful myrth,
 And sing before him songs of praise.
- 2 The Lord is God, 'tis he alone
 Doth life, and breath, and being give;
 We are *his* work, and not our own,
 The sheep that on his pastures live.
- 3 Enter his gates with sacred joy,
 Thence to his courts devoutly press;
 And still your sacred hymns repeat,
 And still his name with praises blest.
- 4 For he's the Lord supremely good,
 His mercy is for ever sure;
 His truth, which always firmly stood,
 To endless ages shall endure.

P S A L M C I. Common Metre.

Suitable to magistrates, or heads of families.

- 1 **O**F Mercy's never failing spring
 And judgment be my song;

Of

Of truth and mercy we will sing,
For they to God belong.

- 2 Unto my dwelling, Lord, repair,
And make thy servant wise;
I'll suffer nothing sinful there,
That may offend thine eyes.
- 3 I will behave myself each day
With prudence in thy fear;
In wisdom's inoffensive way,
And with a heart sincere.
- 4 He that would do his neighbour wrong,
And truth and justice leave,
The froward heart and stand'ring tongue,
Shall no protection have.
- 5 I'll seek the faithful and the just,
And will their help employ;
These are the servants I will trust,
The friends I will enjoy.
- 6 My house shall harbour no deceit,
My influence shall extend;
To punish vice, and bring the good,
To their desired end.
- 7 The bold offenders all around:
Shall from my presence flee;
So shall my dwelling still be found,
A dwelling fit for thee.

P S A L M CI. Long Metre.

A Psalm for the prince.

MERCY and judgment are my song;
And since they both to God belong,
P 3 Thou

- Thou gracious ever righteous King!
 To thee my songs and vows I'll bring.
- 2 If I am rais'd to bear the sword,
 I'll take my counsels from thy word;
 Thy justice and thy heav'nly grace
 Shall be the the pattern of my ways.
- 3 True wisdom shall my conduct guide,
 And justice on my throne reside;
 No sons of slander, vice or strife,
 Shall be companions of my life.
- 4 In vain shall sinners hope to rise
 By flatt'ring or malicious lies;
 I'll search the land, and raise the just
 To posts of honor, wealth and trust.
- 5 No politicks shall recommend
 His countries foe to be my friend,
 But honesty, call'd from her cell,
 In splendor at my court shall dwell.
- 6 The impious crew, the rebel band
 Shall hide their heads, or fly the land:
 Thus justice shall my throne maintain,
 And heav'nly truth adorn my reign.

P S A L M CII. Common Metre.

A Psalm used in deep affliction.

- 1 **H**EAR me, O God, nor hide thy face,
 But answer lest I die:
 Hast thou not built a throne of grace,
 To hear when sinners cry.
- 2 My days are wasted like the smoke
 Dissolving in the air:

With

With strength consum'd and spirits broke
I sink in deep despair.

- 3 As in some lonely desert, I
Like . . bird of midnight moan,
Sequest' red far from ev'ry joy,
I cherish grief alone.
- 4 Dark dismal thoughts and boding fears
Dwell in my troubled breast;
While sharp reproaches wound my ears,
Nor give my spirit rest.
- 5 Sense can afford no real joy
To such as feel thy frown;
Lord, 'twas thy hand advanc'd me high,
Thy hand hath cast me down.
- 6 But thou for ever art the same,
O my eternal God;
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy works abroad.

P A R T II.

Prayer heard, and Sion restored.

- 7 Let Sion and her sons rejoice,
Behold the promis'd hour!
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes to show his pow'r.
- 8 Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in his eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.
- 9 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;

Nations:

Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

10 He sits a sov'reign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying pris'ners groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

11 He frees the souls condemn'd to death,
Nor flights their earnest pray'r;
Ages unborn with praising breath,
Shall all his acts declare.

12 Assemblies fill'd with grateful joy,
His wonders shall confess;
And neighb'ring states their tongues em-
Our God and their's to bless. [ploy,

P S A L M CII. - Long Metre.

VERSES 23 and 24, *applied to Christ accord-
ing to Heb. i.*

1 **I**N midst of death and weakness, Lord,
This thought our grief doth still aswage,
Our Father and our Saviour lives,
God is the same thro' ev'ry age.

2 'Twas he this earth's foundation laid;
Heav'n is the building of his hand:
This earth grows old, these Heav'ns shall
And all be chang'd at his command. [fade,

3 The stary curtains of the sky
Like garments shall be laid aside;
But still his throne stands firm and high
His glory ever shall abide.

4 Before

- 4 Before his face his church shall live,
And on his throne his children reign;
'This fading world shall they survive,
And all his saints be rais'd again.

P S A L M CIII. Common Metre:

Praise for spiritual and temporal mercies.

- 1 **M**Y soul, inspir'd with sacred love,
God's name for ever bless;
Of all his favours mindful prove,
And fervent thanks express.
- 2 Bless, O my soul, the living God,
And all within me join;
In shewing (with his praise) abroad
His wonders most divine.
- 3 'Tis he that all thy sins forgives,
Thy weakneses removes;
From danger he thy life retrieves,
And crowns thee with his loves.
- 4 His pow'r repairs decayed years,
And eagle-like renews
Life's vigour, banisheth our fears,
And all our plagues subdues.
- 5 He fills the humble poor with food,
He gives the weary rest:
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' oppress.
- 6 He made of old his righteous ways
To all his servants known;
His works, to his eternal praise,
Were to his Israel shown.

P A R T

P A R T II.

- 7 The Lord abounds with tender love,
And unexampled grace;
His 'wrath provok'd doth slowly move,
His mercy flows apace.
- 8 He will not always harshly chide,
But with his anger part;
'Tis *his* our punishments to guide,
By love, not our desert.
- 9 High as the Heaven its arch extends
Above this spot of clay;
So much his boundless love transcends
The small respects we pay.
- 10 As far as east is from the west,
So far doth he remove
Our sins; and, with a father's breast,
Doth such as fear him love.
- 11 For God, who all our frame surveys,
Knows well we are but clay:
How gay soe'er we seem, our days
Like grass or flow'rs decay.
- 12 But his compassions ever kind,
To endless years endure:
And children's children always find,
His word of promise sure.

P A R T III.

- 13 Mercy attends those who observe
Their covenanted way;
Who from those precepts never swerve
They have sworn to obey.

- 14 The Lord, the universal King
 In Heav'n, hath fix'd his throne;
 To him, ye angels, praises sing,
 In whom his strength is shown.
- 15 Ye heav'nly hosts, who still obey
 The orders of his will;
 Angels and thrones your tribute pay,
 What he commands fulfil.
- 16 Let all his works without controul,
 Thro' his vast empire shew
 Their Maker's praise, and thou, my soul,
 Join in the concert too.

P S A L M CIII. Short Metre.

Thankfulness to God for his abounding compassion.

- 1 **O** BLESS the Lord, my soul,
 Let all within me join,
 And aid my tongue to bless his name,
 Whose favours are divine.
- 2 My soul, bless thou the Lord,
 Nor let his mercies lie
 Forgotten in unthankfulness,
 Or in oblivion die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
 'Tis he relieves thy pain,
 He heals thy mind redeems thy life,
 And sends thee health again.
- 4 His pow'r renews thy age,
 His mercy crowns thy years:
 With various good thy want supplies,
 And banisheth thy fears.

5 My soul repeat his praise,
 Whose mercies are made known;
 Who sent the world his truth and grace
 By his beloved son.

6 High as the Heav'ns are rais'd
 Above the ground we tread;
 So far the riches of his grace
 Our highest thoughts exceed.

P S A L M CIII. Long Metre.

P A R T II.

God's gentle chastisement of his people.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, how wond'rous are his ways!
 How firm his truth! how rich his grace!
 He takes his mercy for his throne,
 And thence he makes his glories known.
- 2 Not half so far hath nature plac'd,
 The orient morn from blushing west,
 As his forgiving grace removes
 The daily guilt of those he loves.
- 3 How slowly doth his wrath arise!
 On swifter wings salvation flies:
 And if he lets his anger burn,
 How soon his frowns to pity turn!
- 4 His strokes are lighter than our sins,
 Amidst his wrath our love he wins;
 And while his rod corrects his saints,
 His ear indulges their complaints.
- 5 So fathers their own sons chastise,
 With gentle hands and melting eyes:
 The children weep beneath the smart,
 And move the pity of their heart.

6 The

P S A L M CIV.

169

- 6 The mighty God, the wise and just,
Knows that our frame is feeble dust;
And will no heavy load impose,
Beyond the strength that he bestows.
- 7 He knows how soon our nature dies,
Blasted by ev'ry wind that flies;
Like grass we spring and die as soon,
Or morning flow'rs that fade 'ere noon.
- 8 But his eternal love is sure,
To such as keep his cov'nant pure:
Praise him, ye angels, great in might,
O praise him, all ye sons of light.

P S A L M CIV. Common Metre.

The glory of God, in creation and providence.

- 1 **B**LESS God, my soul, thou, Lord, alone
Hast empire without bounds;
With honor thou art cloath'd, thy throne
Dread majesty surrounds.
- 2 Celestial rays do form thy robe,
Thy vesture's splend'ed light:
Heav'n's curtains stretch'd beyond the globe,
Our songs of praise invite.
- 3 God builds on liquid air and forms,
His chambers in the skies:
The clouds his chariots are, and storms
The steeds on which he flies.
- 4 As bright as flame, as swift as wind,
Angels, with songs of love,
Attend, to have their tasks assign'd,
And then with ardour move.

Q

5 Earth

- 5 Earth on its centre firm he set,
 It's face with waters spread;
 The proudest mountain dar'd not yet
 Lift up its lofty head.
- 6 But when God's awful voice was heard,
 Insulting waves were quell'd;
 Proud ocean's fixed bounds appear'd,
 Within due limits held.
- 7 Yet thence its finer parts are drawn,
 To sprinkle lofty hills:
 And starting springs from ev'ry lawn,
 Supply the vale with rills.

P A R T II.

- 8 There, shady trees from scorching beams,
 Shelter the feather'd throng:
 They drink, and at the chrystal streams,
 Return their grateful song.
- 9 Nature her genial aid imparts,
 Earth yields her fruitful store;
 The cluster'd grape that cheers our hearts,
 And herbs of various pow'r.
- 10 The trees of God without the care,
 Or art of man are fed;
 The mountain cedar looks more fair,
 Than those in gardens bred.
- 11 Safe in its wide extended arms,
 The feather'd tribe may rest:
 The hospitable pine from harms,
 Protects each pious guest.
- 12 Wild goats the craggy rock ascend,
 It's heights their fortress make;

While

P S A L M CIV.

171

While feeble creatures swift descend,
And cells for refuge take.

- 13 The moon's inconstant aspect shows,
The seasons of the year;
The sun his daily circuit knows,
To rise and disappear.

- 14 Darkness he makes the earth to shroud,
Wild beasts securely stray;
Young lions roar their wants aloud,
And seek from God their prey.

- 15 When summon'd by the rising morn,
To dens they croud with flight:
Men to their early tasks return,
Nor seek repose 'till night.

P A R T III.

- 16 Great God, whose word gave all things
We praise thy wond'rous skill, [birth,
Whose various gifts enrich the earth,
And the wide ocean fill.

- 17 The vast unfathom'd deep we view,
Where mighty monsters play;
Where ships their wond'rous course pursue,
And cut their foaming way.

- 18 The diff'rent tribes of sea and land,
In sense of want agree;
They wait on thy dispensing hand,
And are supply'd by thee.

- 19 Thou for a moment hid'st thy face;
All nature needs must mourn:
When thou resum'st this breath, our race
Must to their dust return.

Q 2:

20 Again

- 20 Again thou send'st thy spirit forth;
 This vital heav'nly seed
 Nature restores, and parent earth
 Smiles on her new sprung breed.
- 21 Thus thro' successive ages stands
 Thy providential care;
 Pleas'd with the works of thine own hands,
 Time's wastes thou dost repair.
- 22 One look of thine, one wrathful look,
 The earth with terror fills;
 One touch of thine, with clouds of smok,
 In darkness shrouds the hills.
- 23 To praise God, while he breath prolongs,
 That breath I will employ;
 I'll speak his praises in my songs,
 And think of him with joy.
- 24 While sinners from earths face are hurl'd,
 My soul praise thou his name:
 'Till in my song the list'ning world
 Join, and his praise proclaim.

P S A L M CIV. Long Metre.

- 1 **M**Y soul, thy great Creator praise,
 When cloath'd in his celestial rays;
 He in full majesty appears,
 And like a robe his glory wears.
- 2 The skies are for his curtains spread;
 Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed:
 The clouds are his triumphant carr,
 The winds his winged coursers are.
- 3 Angels, whom his own breath inspires,
 His ministers are flaming fires:

The

The earth's foundations by his hand,
Are pois'd, and shall for ever stand.

4 When earth was cover'd with the flood,
Which high above the mountains stood;
He thunder'd, and the waters fled
In haste to their appointed bed.

5 He bids the crystal fountains flow,
And chear the valleys as they go:
Each beast and bird its thirst allays,
And tunes to God its song of praise.

P A R T II.

6 God from his cloudy cistern pours,
On parched plains refreshing show'rs;
His dew descending on the hills,
The earth with various plenty fills.

7 He sets the sun his circling race,
And gives the moon her changing face;
How strange his works! how great his skill!
The universe his riches fill!

8 Creation takes her solemn stand,
Waiting the blessings of his hand:
He gives to all their daily food,
And fills their longing soul with good.

9 God's fame all ages shall declare,
And blest his providential care:
His works of wond'rous skill and might,
Are honor'd with his own delight.

10 Let us not dare his wrath provoke;
For at his touch the mountains smoke;
If he from Heav'n looks angry down,
All nature trembles at his frown.

- 11 Of him our thoughts shall still be sweet,
 In him our joys and wishes meet;
 His praises shall my breath employ,
 'Till it expires in endless joy.

P S A L M CV. Common Metre.

God to be praised, for he remembers his covenant.

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God, invoke his name,
 And tell the world his grace :
 Sound thro' the earth his deeds of fame,
 That *all* may seek his face.
- 2 Seek ye the Lord, his saving pow'r
 Devoutly still implore ;
 His goodness shines thro' ev'ry hour ;
 Let us this Lord adore.
- 3 The mighty works which he hath wrought,
 Our admiration move ;
 But more our raptur'd souls are caught,
 With wonders of his love.
- 4 His cov'nant which he kept in mind,
 For num'rous ages past,
 To num'rous ages yet behind
 In equal force shall last.
- 5 He sware to Abra'am and his seed,
 And made the blessing sure ;
 Gentiles the antient promise read,
 And find his truth endure.
- 6 Thy seed shall make all nations blest,
 Said the Almighty voice,
 And Canaan's land shall be their rest,
 The type of heav'nly joys.

- 7 The Lord himself chose out their way,
And mark'd their journeys right;
Gave them a leading cloud by day,
A fiery guide by night.
- 8 He smote the rock, whose flinty breast
Pour'd forth a gushing tide;
The flowing stream where'er they rest,
The desert's drought supply'd.
- 9 O wond'rous stream! O mark divine
Of ever flowing grace!
So Christ our Rock, our living Vine,
Supplies us in distress!
- 10 May we his statutes still observe,
His sacred laws obey;
Nor from his precepts ever swerve,
But grateful homage pay.

P S A L M CVI. Common Metre.

Praise to God for his unchangeable love.

- 1 **W**ITH grateful hearts *Jehovah* praise,
Whose mercy knows no bound:
His acts to their just height to raise
What language can be found?
- 2 *Them* will our God for ever bless,
Who his commands obey;
Who from the paths of righteousness
By no transgression stray.
- 3 Remember us, Lord, with that love
Which thou to thine dost bear:
Thy *great* salvation let us prove,
And to our souls draw near.

4 That

- 4 That with thy chosen people we
 May chearfully rejoice,
Thine heritage may ever be
 And join with them our voice.
- 5 We, like our fathers, have rebell'd,
 Who all thy works forgot;
 Thy many wonders they beheld,
 But them regarded not.
- 6 Yet when they mourn'd their many faults.
 And follies they had wrought;
 God own'd them still to be his sons,
 And of his cov'nant thought.
- 7 Their names were written in his book;
 He sav'd them from their foes;
 Oft he chastis'd, but ne'er forsook
 The people that he chose.
- 8 Let Israel blefs his holy name,
 And all his acts record;
 Let Christians spread abroad his fame;
Amen, praise ye the Lord.

P S A L M CVI. Long Metre.

- 1 **O** R E N D E R thanks to God above,
 The fountain of eternal love!
 His mercy firm for ages stands;
 Give him the praise his love demands.
- 2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
 Not only vast but numberless?
 What mortal eloquence can raise
 His tribute of immortal praise?
- 3 Happy, and only happy they,
 Who from his judgments never stray;
 Blest

Blest are the souls that fear him still,
And pay their duty to his will.

- 4 To us extend that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
Their full salvation may we see,
And share in their prosperity.

P S A L M CVII. Common Metre.

God to be praised for his wise dispensations.

- 1 **T**O God your grateful voices raise,
Who doth our guardian prove:
O may our never ceasing praise,
Attend his lasting love.
- 2 Let those give thanks whom he from bands,
Of proud oppression frees,
And brings them safe from distant lands,
Or guards them o'er the seas.
- 3 His Israel thro' the desarts went,
Nor could a city find,
Till quite with thirst and hunger spent,
Their fainting souls were pin'd.
- 4 Then soon to God's indulgent ear,
They did their cry address;
He graciously vouchsaf'd to hear,
And free'd them from distress.
- 5 O that the sons of men would praise,
The goodness of the Lord!
Let those who see his wond'rous ways,
His wond'rous love record.

PART

P A R T II. *For Mariners.*

- 6 Thy works of glory, mighty Lord,
Thy wonders in the deep,
The sons of courage may record,
Who climb the briny steep.
- 7 At thy command the winds arise,
And swell the tow'ring waves;
The floating vessels mount the skies,
Or plunge in gaping graves.
- 8 The mariners like drunkards reel,
And find their courage vain;
Again they climb the wat'ry hill,
And plunge in deeps again.
- 9 Frighted to hear the tempest roar,
They pant with flutt'ring breath,
And hopeless of the distant shore,
Expect immediate death.
- 10 Then to the Lord they raise their cries;
He hears the loud request,
He orders silence thro' the skies,
And lays the deep to rest.
- 11 They then rejoice to lose their fears,
And see the storm allay'd:
Now to their eyes the port appears;
There let their vows be paid.
- 12 O that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord!
Let those who see his wond'rous ways,
His wond'rous works record.

P S A L M CVII. Long Metre.

Correction for sin, and release by prayers.

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God ; he reigns above,
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love :
His mercy ages past have known
And ages long to come shall own.
- 2 While pow'r is giv'n exalt his name ,
His wondrous grace is still the same :
He fills the hungry soul with food,
And feeds the poor with ev'ry good.
- 3 But if men's hearts rebel, and rise
Against the Sov'reign of the skies,
He brings their counsels to the Ground,
And no deliv'rer can be found.
- 4 Vain man, on foolish pleasures Bent,
Prepares for his own punishment :
What pains, what loathsome maladies
From luxury and vice arise !
- 5 Yet if the humbled sinner mourns,
His dreadful hand again he turns ;
He scatters all his load of grief,
And brings his lab'ring soul relief.
- 6 O may the sons of men record
The wond'rous goodness of the Lord !
How great his works ! how kind his ways !
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

P A R T II.

America blessed.

- 7 When God provok'd with daring crimes,
Scourges the madness of the times,

He

- He turns their fields to barren sand,
And drys the rivers from the land.
- 8 His word can raise the springs again,
And make the wither'd mountains green,
Send show'ry blessings from the skies;
And harvests in the desarts rise.
- 9 Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey,
Or men as fierce and wild as they,
He bids th' oppress'd and poor repair,
And builds them towns and cities there.
- 10 Thus are they blest: but if they sin
He pours the heathen nations in,
A savage crew invades their lands,
Their Princes die by barb'rous hands.
- 11 Yet if the humbled nation mourns,
Again his dreadful hand he turns;
And good men, with a joyful sense,
Admire the works of Providence.
- 12 How few with pious care record
These wond'rous doings of the Lord!
But wise observers still shall find
The Lord is holy, just and kind.

P S A L M CVIII. Common Metre.

A song of praise.

- 1 **M**Y heart is fix'd *now* I'll declare
The honors of thy name;
O Lord thy glories matchless are;
Who can rehearse thy fame?
- 2 Awake, each pow'r that warms the heart,
And each melodious lay,

Whilst

Whilst we our grateful joys impart
Thro' each returning day.

- 3 Before the dawning light appear,
Our sacred songs we'll raise;
Do thou, most gracious, lend thine ear,
While we record thy praise.
- 4 To all the list'ning world we'll tell
The wonders of thy love,
The nations that around us dwell
Our fervor shall approve.
- 5 Because thy boundless mercies rise
Above the starry frame,
Thy truth transcends the spangled skies,
We will thy praise proclaim.
- 6 When human aid proves vain, thine arm
Shall save us from each snare;
Thine hand shall guard us from all harm,
And thou wilt hear our pray'r.

P S A L M CIX. Common Metre.

Love to enemies, from the example of Christ.

- 1 **G**OD of my mercy and my praise!
Thy glory is my song;
Tho' sinners speak against thy grace
With a blaspheming tongue.
- 2 When in the form of mortal man
Thy son on earth was found,
With cruel slanders false and vain
They compass'd him around.

R

Their

- 3 Their mis'ries his compassion move,
 Their peace he still pursu'd;
 They rend'ed hatred for his love,
 And evil for his good.
- 4 Their malice rag'd without a cause;
 Yet with his dying breath
 He pray'd for murd'ers, on his cross,
 And bless'd his foes in death.
- 5 Lord, shall thy bright example shine
 In vain before my eyes?
 Give me a soul that's great like thine
 To love mine enemies.
- 6 The Lord shall on my side engage,
 And in my Saviour's name
 I shall defeat their pride and rage,
 Who slander and condemn.

P S A L M CX. Common Metre.

Christ's exaltation, and the success of his gospel.

- 1 **T**HUS to his Son the Father spake,
 "Ascend my throne, and sit
 "At my right-hand, 'till I shall make,
 "Thy foes bend at thy feet.
- 2 "From Sion shall the rod proceed;
 "This sceptre in thy hand,
 "Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
 "And bow to thy command.
- 3 "O blessed pow'r! O glorious day!
 "What conquests shall ensue;
 "When converts who thy calls obey,
 "Exceed the pearls of dew!
- 4 "I have

- 4 " I have pronounc'd a firm decree,
 " From which I'll ne'er depart;
 " Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
 " Eternal King thou art.
- 5 " I will exalt thy glorious head,
 " And thy high throne maintain;
 " Thy pow'r shall strike thine en'mies dead,
 " Who dare oppose thy reign."
- 6 But ere he sees this glorious day,
 Our Saviour drinks of blood;
 This brook ran muddy in his way,
 Tho' now he reigns with God.

P S A L M CX. Long Metre.

The Success and extent of Christ's priesthood.

- 1 **T**HUS spoke th' eternal to his son,
 (All Heav'n on the accents hung)
 " At my right-hand thy place assume,
 " Until I give thy foes their doom.
- 2 " From Sion shall the rod extend,
 " Which ev'ry rebel heart shall bend,
 " Converts, thy mighty pow'r shall shew,
 " As num'rous as the morning's dew.
- 3 " My sacred word I here engage,
 " Thou shalt be priest thro' ev'ry age,
 " No rebel proud dare thee oppose,
 " Thy mighty arm shall crush thy foes.
- 4 " But in the high-way brook thou'lt first,
 " As suff'ring Saviour, quench thy thirst,
 " Thine head to Heaven *then* I'll raise,"
 He spoke, the wond'ring angels praise.

P S A L M CXI. Common Metre.

*God praised for his great works and gracious
dealings with mankind.*

- 1 **G**REAT is the Lord, his works of
Demand our noblest songs; [might
Let his assembled faints unite,
Their harmony of tongues.
- 2 How great the works his hand has wrought!
How glorious in our sight!
And men in ev'ry age have sought,
His wonders with delight.
- 3 How most exact is nature's frame!
How wise th' eternal mind!
His counsels never change the scheme,
Which his first thoughts design'd.
- 4 Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives his children food;
And, ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.
- 5 His Son the great Redeemer, came
To seal his cov'nant sure:
Holy and rev'rend is his name,
His ways are just and pure.
- 6 From fear divine true wisdom flows:
And he who God obeys,
Sound knowledge and good judgment shows,
The Lord for ever praise.

P S A L M

P S A L M CXII. Common Metre.

The liberal man's blessedness.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man who fears the Lord,
And walketh in his ways;
Who still reveres his holy word,
And his command obeys.
- 2 A gen'rous pity warms his heart,
And *largely* it extends;
In all his wealth the poor have part;
He gives, or else he lends.
- 3 Nor is that *lost* which he bestows,
To feed the needy poor;
His hand a future harvest sows,
Still to encrease his store.
- 4 To his just soul springs light divine,
In dark affliction's night;
Gracious he is, to goodness prone;
In all his ways upright.
- 5 His steddy soul that's fix'd on God,
No fears can discompose;
He sees with a reluctant eye,
The ruin of his foes.
- 6 His works of charity and love,
For ever shall remain;
Honour on earth and joys above,
He surely shall obtain.

P S A L M CXII. Long Metre.

- 1 **T**HAT man is blest, who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law:
His seed on earth shall be renown'd,
And with successive honours crown'd.
- 2 The soul, that's fill'd with virtue's light,
Shines brightest in affliction's night;
To pity the distress'd inclin'd,
As well as just to all mankind.
- 3 His lib'ral favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends;
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs.
- 4 Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground;
The sweet rememb'rance of the just,
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.
- 5 His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,
His glory's future harvest sow'd;
Whence he shall reap wealth, fame, renown,
A temp'ral and eternal crown.

P S A L M CXIII. Proper Tune.

God's greatness and condescension.

- 1 **Y**E faints and servants of the Lord,
The honours of his name record;
His sacred name for ever blest.
Where'er the circling sun displays,
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to his great name address.

- 2 God thro' the world extends his sway;
The regions of eternal day.
But shadows of his glory are.
With him whose majesty excels,
Who made the Heav'n, in which he dwells,
Let no created pow'r compare.
- 3 Tho' 'tis beneath his state to view,
In highest Heav'ns, what angels do;
Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care:
He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.

P S A L M CXIII. Common Metre.

God's grandeur and condescending goodness.

- 1 **Y**E faints, and servants of the Lord,
Extol him with your praise;
His never ceasing love record,
To Heav'n his glory raise.
- 2 Nor time nor place his pow'r restrain,
His empire knows no bound;
Above the glorious sun he reigns,
And radiant orbs around.
- 3 Then to this mighty Lord, that dwells
On high, who can compare?
Himself who humbleth things to see
In Heav'n and earth that are.
- 4 He from the dust raiseth the poor,
And to promotion brings;
From the low cell he hears their cry,
And gives them rank with kings.

P S A L M CXIII. Long Metre.

God praised for his excellency and mercy.

- 1 **Y**E faints and servants of the Lord,
The honours of his name record;
This sacred name for ever bless,
And with due praise him still address.
- 2 Bless him as far as time extends,
Extol him to earth's utmost ends;
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays.
- 3 His throne all other thrones excels,
Above the Heav'ns his glory dwells;
Let no created greatness dare,
With our eternal God compare.
- 4 Nor time, nor nature's narrow rounds,
Can give his vast dominion bounds;
Yet he humility puts on,
To mark what Heav'n and earth have done.
- 5 He from the dust the poor sets high,
And from the cottage hears their cry;
Gives them the honour of his sons,
And makes them fit for heav'nly thrones.

P S A L M CXIV. Common Metre.

The majesty of God acknowledged by the inanimate creation.

- 1 **W**HEN *Israel* out of Egypt went,
And did his dwelling change;
When Jacob's house went out from those
That were of language strange.
- 2 Jehovah for his residence,
Then chose out *Judab's* tent

His

His mansion royal, and from thence
His sacred orders sent.

- 3 The distant sea with terror saw,
And from his presence fled;
Old Jordan's streams, surpris'd with awe,
Retreated to their head.
- 4 The lofty mountains shook like sheep,
Not Sinai still could stand;
Like lambs the little hills did leap,
Finding such pow'r at hand.
- 5 O sea, what made your tide withdraw,
And naked leave your bed?
Why, Jordan, against nature's law,
Recoil'd thou to thy head?
- 6 Earth, tremble on, well may'st thou fear
Thy Maker's face to see;
When Jacob's awful God draws near,
'Tis time we moved be.

P S A L M CXIV. Long Metre.

- 1 **W**HEN *Israel*, freed from Pharaoh's hand
Left the proud tyrant and his land;
The tribes with chearful homage own
Their King, and *Judah* was his throne.
- 2 Across the deep their journey lay;
The deep divides to make them way:
Jordan beheld their march and fled,
With backward current to his head.
- 3 The mountains shook like frightened sheep,
Like lambs the little hillocks leap;
Not *Sinai* on her base could stand,
Conscious of sov'reign pow'r at hand.

4 What

- 4 What pow'r could make the deep divide?
 Make *Jordan* backward roll his tide?
 Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
 And whence the fright that Sinai feels?
- 5 Let ev'ry mountain, ev'ry flood
 Retire, and know th' approaching God,
 The King of *Israel*; see him here;
 Tremble thou earth, adore, and fear.
- 6 He thunders, and all nature mourns;
 The rock to standing pools he turns;
 Flints spring with fountains at his word;
 And fires and seas confess their Lord.

P S A L M CXV. Common Metre.

God alone to be confided in and praised.

- 1 **L**ORD, not to us, but to thy name
 We give the praise we owe;
 To thy free goodness, and thy truth,
 Whence all our blessings flow.
- 2 Why should the heathen say? where is
 The God whom we adore?
 In Heav'n he reigns, and doth on earth
 What he ordain'd before.
- 3 But the vain idols whom *they* fear,
 Are shapes of stone and wood;
 At best a mass of glitt'ring ore,
 A molten saint or god.
- 4 Fond men! with hands to make a God
 To save when mortals pray!
 Sure all who serve such *statues* must
 Be blind and deaf as they.

- 5 All ye who seek the Lord, in him
 Repose your confidence:
 In your distress he'll be your help,
 In dangers your defence.
- 6 The grave thy wonders cannot show,
 Nor celebrate thy praise;
 We'll *now* adore thy sacred name,
 And bless thee all our days.

P S A L M CXVI. Common Metre.

Thanksgiving for deliverance.

- 1 **W**HAT shall we render to our God
 For all his kindness shewn?
 Our feet shall visit his abode,
 Our songs address his throne.
- 2 Among his saints that fill his house,
 Our off'rings shall be paid;
There shall our zeal perform the vows
 Our souls in anguish made.
- 3 How much is mercy thy delight,
 Thou ever blessed God!
 How dear thy servants in thy fight!
 How precious is their blood!
- 4 How happy all that fear thee are!
 Thy grace to *us*, how great!
 Our lives, which thou hast made thy care,
 To thee we dedicate.
- 5 Now we are thine, for ever thine,
 Nor shall our purpose move;
 Thy hand has loos'd our bonds of pain,
 And bound us with thy love.

6 Here

- 6 Here in thy courts we leave our vow,
 And thy rich grace record;
 Witness, ye faints, who hear us now,
 If we forsake the Lord.

P S A L M CXVI. Long Metre.

- 1 **W**HAT shall we render to the Lord,
 For all the kindness he has shown?
 We'll humbly offer him our praise,
 And thankfully his favours own.
- 2 The solemn payment of our vows
 We made to God, shall be our care;
 Who sav'd us from approaching death,
 And shew'd our lives to him were dear.
- 3 By all engagements, Lord, we're thine,
 Thy servants whom thou hast set free;
 The very bonds which thou hast loos'd,
 Shall tie us faster unto thee.
- 4 Thankful acknowledgments we make,
 And God for all his favours bless;
 We'll on his goodness wait, and pray
 To him alone, in all distress.

P S A L M CXVII. Common Metre.

God praised for his mercy and truth.

- 1 **W**ITH chearful notes let all the earth
 To Heav'n their voices raise,
 Let all, inspir'd with godly mirth,
 Sing solemn hymns of praise.
- 2 God's tender mercy knows no bound,
 His truth shall ne'er decay;

Then

Then let the willing nations round
Their grateful tribute pay.

P S A L M CXVII. Long Metre.

- 1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
'Till suns shall rise and set no more.

P S A L M CXVII. Short Metre.

- 1 **T**HY name, Almighty Lord,
Shall sound thro' distant lands:
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word:
Thy truth for ever stands.
- 2 Far be thine honour spread,
And long thy praise endure;
'Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchange'd no more.

P S A L M CXVIII. Common Metre.

*Deliverance from danger, and Christ's
kingdom.*

- 1 **O** PRAISE the Lord, whom ages past
Have known to be so kind;
Whose mercies will continue sure
To ages still behind.
- 2 Bear also thou a part, my soul,
God's goodness to express;

S

Who

- Who heard my pray'r, and set me free
In times of sore distress.
- 3 Far better 'tis to trust in God,
And have the Lord our friend;
Than on the greatest human pow'r
For safety to depend.
- 4 We all our happiness ascribe
To God, who made us strong;
And his salvation still shall be
The subject of our song.
- 5 The joyful voice of triumph fills
The dwellings of the just;
His pow'r doth mighty things for them
Who in his goodness trust.
- 6 While we have life, we'll praise his works,
Ev'n to our latest breath:
Who, tho' he has chastis'd us sore,
Has sav'd us still from death.
- 7 Lord, we will praise thy holy name;
For when to thee we pray'd,
Thou heard'st our voice, and art become
Our rock of saving aid.

P A R T II.

- 8 The stone which by the builders, was
Rejected with disgrace;
Is now become the corner-stone,
And set in chiefest place.
- 9 This is the work of our great God,
And wond'rous in our eyes;
This is the day the Lord hath made,
To fill our hearts with joys.

- 10 Bleſt Saviour! who, from God, to us
On this kind errand came,
We welcome thee; and join with thoſe
Who ſpread thy glorious fame.
- 11 Moſt gracious God, our joyful tongues,
Shall ever ſing thy praiſe;
Thou art our God, and we on high
Thy glorious name will raiſe.
- 12 For thou haſt mercifully ſhin'd
On us with light and grace;
And in thy courts we will preſent
The ſacrifice of praiſe.
- 13 O render thanks unto the Lord,
Who ſtill does gracious prove;
And let the tribute of our praiſe
Be endleſs as *his* love.

P S A L M CXVIII. Second Metre.

A Psalm for the Lord's day.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let Heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praiſe ſurround the throne.
- 2 To day he roſe, and left the dead;
And ſatan's empire fell;
To day the ſaints his triumph ſpread,
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Bleſt be the Lord who comes to men
With meſſages of grace;
Who comes in God his Father's name
To ſave our ſinful race.

- 4 Hosannah in the highest strains
 The church on earth can raise;
 The glorious Heav'ns, in which he reigns,
 Shall give him nobler praise.

P S A L M CXIX. Common Metre.

P A R T I.

The excellency of the divine law, and the blessings and comfort which flow from the observance of it.

- 1 **B**LESSED are they who undefil'd,
 And straight are in the way;
 Who, in the Lord's most holy law,
 Do walk, and do not stray.
- 2 Blessed are they, who to observe
 His statutes are inclin'd;
 And who do seek the living God
 With their whole heart and mind.
- 3 They practise no iniquity,
 But in God's ways they go;
 And we must serve thee carefully,
 For thou hast charg'd us so.
- 4 O that my ways were made direct,
 And to thy statutes fram'd!
 Which when I gen'rally respect,
 I shall not be ashamed.
- 5 I'll praise thee with an upright heart,
 When I have learn'd thy word;
 Nor from thy statutes e'er depart;
 Forfake me not, O Lord.

P A R T

P A R T II.

- 6 How shall the young preserve their ways:
From all pollution free?
By making still their course of life
With thy commands agree.
- 7 With my whole heart to thee I seek,
For thine assistance pray:
O suffer not my careless steps
From thy commands to stray.
- 8 When thy word enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad;
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.
- 9 'Tis like the sun, a heav'nly light,
That guides us all the day;
And thro' the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.
- 10 Thy book is everlasting truth;
How pure is ev'ry page!
Thy holy law shall guide our youth,
And then support our age.

P A R T III.

- 11 Deal bountifully in thy grace
With us thy servants, Lord;
That we may live, our race to run,
And keep thy holy word.
- 12 Open our eyes, that we may see
The wonders of thy law,
Who in our pilgrimage from thence
Would light and comfort draw.

- 13 By rules of justice and of truth
Our lives we hope to frame,
And to thy statutes will adhere;
Lord, put us not to shame.
- 14 Upon thy precepts we will muse,
Thy ways will we respect;
Thy judgments with delight peruse,
And not thy word forget.
- 15 So in the way of thy commands
Shall we with pleasure run;
And with a heart enlarg'd with joy,
In thy blest'd paths go on.

P A R T IV.

- 16 Instruct me, Lord, to apprehend
Thy precept's perfect way;
And I shall keep it to the end,
Even to my dying day.
- 17 O give me a discerning mind,
And knowledge of thy will;
Then what thy sacred laws enjoin,
I'll heartily fulfil.
- 18 Thy sacred way let me ne'er miss,
But keep thy laws entire;
No other pleasure do I wish,
Nor greater thing desire.
- 19 From vanity turn off mine eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

- 20 Behold thy waiting servant, Lord,
Devoted to thy fear;
Remember and confirm thy Word,
For all my hopes are there.

P A R T V.

- 21 Lord, let thy tender mercies come
To cheer my drooping heart;
To me, according to thy Word,
Thy saving aid impart.
- 22 O never let the word of truth
Quite from me be remov'd;
Since my just ground of stedfast hope
Thy judgments still have prov'd.
- 23 So I to keep thy righteous laws
Will all my study bend;
And will, with zeal, my future life
In their observance spend.
- 24 E're long I trust to walk at large
From all incumbrance free;
Since I resolve to make my ways
With thy commands agree.
- 25 My lips, with courage, shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name:
I'll speak thy word, tho' kings should hear,
Nor yield to sinful shame.

P A R T VI.

- 26 Remember, Lord, thy gracious word,
On which my hope relies;
Which, in my streights, much ease affords,
New life and strength supplies.

27 Thy

- 27 Thy judgments then, of antient date,
 I quickly call to mind;
 'Till, with such thoughts confirm'd, my
 Doth speedy comfort find. [soul
- 28 Thy precepts often I survey;
 I keep thy law in sight:
 Thro' all the business of the day,
 To form my actions right.
- 29 My heart in midnight silence cries,
 How sweet thy comforts be!
 My thoughts in holy wonder rise,
 And bring their thanks to thee.
- 30 That peace of mind, which doth my soul
 In deep distress sustain;
 By strict obedience to thy will
 I happily obtain.

P A R T VII.

- 31 My chosen portion, thou, O Lord,
 And sure possession art;
 Thy words I steadfastly resolve
 To treasure in my heart.
- 32 With all the strength of warm desire,
 I will thy grace implore;
 Disclose, according to thy word,
 Thy mercy's boundless store.
- 33 My former wand'rings I review'd
 And then, without delay,
 Resolv'd to change my course and walk
 In thy most righteous way.
- 34 To such as fear thy holy name,
 Myself I'll closely join;

To

To all who their obedient wills
To thy commands resign.

- 35 O Lord, thy mercies, rich and free,
The earth with blessings fill:
Grant me thy grace, that I may know
And do thy sacred will.

P A R T VIII.

- 36 Most gracious have thy dealings been
With me, thy servant, Lord;
To me great goodness thou hast shown,
According to thy word.
- 37 It hath been very good for me
That I afflicted was,
That I might thus instructed be,
And learn thy holy laws.
- 38 E're I afflicted was I stray'd;
But now I keep thy word:
Both good thou art, and good thou do'st;
Teach me thy statutes, Lord.
- 39 That right thy judgments are, I now
By sure experience see;
And that, in truth and faithfulness,
Thou hast chastised me.
- 40 In thy pure statutes let my heart
Continue ever sound,
That guilt and shame, the sinner's lot,
May never me confound.

P A R T IX.

- 41 Teach me the sacred skill, O God,
Right judgment to attain ;
Who in belief of thy commands
Most stedfastly remain.
- 42 I love the path of heav'nly truth,
And glory is my choice ;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.
- 43 Good thou art Lord, and thou dost good,
All graces flow from thee ;
Make then thy statutes understood,
And practised by me.
- 44 To me thy saving grace afford,
That I aright may live ;
Whose soul can relish no delight
But what thy precepts give.
- 45 O Lord, incline this heart of mine
These precepts to fulfil ;
And 'till this mortal life shall end,
Make me to do thy will.

P A R T X.

- 46 My heart was fashion'd by thy hand,
My service is thy due ;
O make thy servant, Lord, to know
The duties he should do.
- 47 Since I'm a stranger here below,
Let not thy path be hid ;
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide.

- 48 If God to me his statutes shew,
And heav'nly truth impart;
His work for ever I'll pursue,
His law shall rule my heart.
- 49 This gave me ease the time I bore
Variety of grief;
It made me learn thy word the more,
And fly to thy relief.
- 50 O! ever may thy mercies kind
Come to thy servants, Lord,
For comfort in distressful times,
According to thy word.

P A R T XI.

- 51 Consider all my sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliv'rance send;
My soul for thy salvation faints,
When will my troubles end!
- 52 My God, look down on my distress,
Let mercy plead my cause;
Tho' I have sinn'd against thy grace,
I don't forget thy laws.
- 53 This is the comfort I enjoy
When new distress begins;
I read thy word, I run thy way,
And hate my former sins.
- 54 Be thou a surety, Lord, for me,
Nor let the proud oppress;
But make thy waiting servant see
The shinings of thy face.
- 55 Look down upon us graciously,
And shew thyself the same;

As thou art ever wont to do
To them that love thy name.

P A R T XII.

- 56 For ever like the Heav'ns, O Lord,
Thy word is settled fast;
As firmly as the earth thy truth
Doth to all ages last.
- 57 These all, in their appointed course,
Continue to this day;
And all, like ready servants, stand
Thine orders to obey.
- 58 Had not thy truth been my support,
Thy law been my delight;
I, under pressure of my woes,
Had sunk, and perish'd quite.
- 59 Thy good commands I'll ne'er forget,
Which have reviv'd me still;
O save me, who am thine, and seek
To know and do thy will.
- 60 Perfections here have narrow bounds,
Whose end we oft out-live;
But thy wise laws have large extent,
And lasting pleasures give.

P A R T XIII.

- 61 My feet, with care, I will refrain
From every evil way;
That I may to thy sacred word
Entire obedience pay.
- 62 I will not from thy judgments stray,
By vain desires misled;

For,

For, Lord, thou hast instructed me
Thy righteous paths to tread.

63 In these, thy sacred words of truth,
How sweet a taste I find!
Sweeter than honey to my mouth
Thy word is to my mind.

64 Thy servant, taught by thy just laws,
With heav'nly skill is blest;
Therefore the treach'rous ways of sin
I utterly detest.

65 O that thy statutes constantly
Might dwell upon my mind!
Thence I derive a quick'ning pow'r,
And hourly pleasure find.

P A R T XIV.

66 Thy word is to my feet a lamp,
And to my path a light
I've sworn, and duly will perform,
To keep thy judgments right.

67 Thy statutes are the heritage
Whereof I have made choice;
For they, when other comforts fail,
My fainting soul rejoice.

68 I will incline my heart to keep
The laws thou didst decree;
And will obey them to the end,
Ev'n 'till I come to thee.

69 The love which I to them do bear,
No language can display;
They with fresh wonders entertain
My ravish'd thoughts all day.

T

70 Let

- 70 Let still my sacrifice of praise
With thee acceptance find;
And in thy righteous judgment, Lord,
Instruct my willing mind.

P A R T XV.

- 71 Thou art, O Lord, my hiding place,
And shield of my defence;
I therefore in thy word of grace
Do put my confidence.
- 72 Depart from me all ye profane,
Who other paths have trod;
For firmly I'm resolv'd to keep
The precepts of my God.
- 73 According to thy gracious word,
From danger set me free;
Nor make me of those hopes ashamed
Which I repose on thee.
- 74 Uphold me, for I then shall be
In perfect safety kept;
And to thy laws continually
I will have due respect.
- 75 My soul's possess'd with sacred awe,
Lest I should thee offend,
When on transgressors I behold
Thy judgments to descend.

P A R T XVI.

- 76 Thy nature, Lord, and thy commands
Exactly do agree;
Holy and just, and true thou art,
And such thy precepts be.

77 Thy

- 77 Thy laws I count, in all respects,
Most righteous and divine;
They teach me to discern the right,
And all false ways decline,
- 78 On me, devoted to thy fear,
The sacred skill bestow;
That of thy testimonies I
The full extent may know.
- 79 Thine own cause vindicate, O Lord,
And for thy name appear?
When wicked men make void thy law,
And sin without all fear.
- 80 This stirs my zeal, and makes me more
All thy commands to prize;
And, when compar'd with them, the
And all it's wealth despise. [world

P A R T XVII.

- 81 The wonders which thy laws contain,
No words can represent;
Therefore to learn, and practise them,
My zealous heart is bent.
- 82 The very entrance of thy word
Celestial light displays;
And knowledge of true happiness
To simple minds conveys.
- 83 Directed by thy heav'nly word
Let all my footsteps be;
That no indulged sin may have
Dominion over me.

T 2

84 O grant

- 84 O grant the influence of thy grace
To speed me in thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.
- 85 And make thy gracious countenance
On me, thy servant, shine:
Thy statutes both to know and keep,
My heart with zeal incline.

P A R T XVIII.

- 86 Thou art the righteous judge, in whom
Wrong'd innocence may trust;
And like thyself thy judgments, Lord,
In all respects are just.
- 87 My heart is pain'd whene'er I see
Ill men thy law despise;
Thy word, which from deceit is free,
I'll always love and prize.
- 88 Howe'er despis'd I were, I'd not
From thy commands withdraw;
Eternal is thy righteousness,
And truth itself thy law.
- 89 Tho' trouble, anguish, doubts and fear
To compass me unite;
Beset with danger, still I'll make
Thy precepts my delight.
- 90 Thy laws are ever true and just;
This wisdom to me give,
By them to order all my ways,
And happy I shall live.

P A R T XIX.

- 91 Lord, hear me when to thee I call,
 And I'll thy word obey;
 Be not thy help to me deny'd,
 And I will keep thy way.
- 92 'Ere morning dawn'd, my cry I sent,
 " Thou art my hope, O Lord;
 And the night watches I prevent,
 Contemplating thy word.
- 93 Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
 And wonted favour shew;
 O quicken me, and so approve
 Thy judgments ever true.
- 94 Tho' foes draw nigh my comfort is,
 That thou art yet more near;
 Thou whose commands are righteous all,
 Thy promises sincere.
- 95 Concerning all thy righteous laws,
 My soul has known of old,
 That they are true; and shall their truths
 To endless ages hold.

P A R T XX.

- 96 From harden'd sinners God removes
 Salvation far away;
 'Tis just he should withdraw from those
 That from his statutes stray.
- 97 Since great thy tender mercies are
 To all who thee adore;
 According to thy judgments, Lord,
 My fainting soul restore.

- 98 Tho' num'rous ills may compass me,
 Thy laws I'll not decline;
 With grief I see how sinners dare
 Against thy word combine.
- 99 While these men flight, consider, Lord,
 How I thy precepts love;
 O therefore quicken me with beams,
 Of mercy from above.
- 100 As from the birth of time thy word
 Has held thro' ages past,
 So shall thy righteous judgments firm
 To endless ages last.

P A R T XXI.

- 101 When I behold the promis'd good
 Thy faithful word contains;
 He joys not more who richest spoils
 After a conquest gains.
- 102 Deceit and falsehood I detest,
 But thy pure statutes love;
 Often I bless thy name, O Lord,
 Whose judgments righteous prove.
- 103 Secure, substantial peace have they
 Who truly keep thy law;
 No smiling mischief them can tempt,
 Nor frowning dangers awe.
- 104 Thy testimonies, and thy laws
 I'll keep with special care;
 For all my works and ways, each one,
 Before thee open are.
- 105 Thy mercies sov'reign are, my king;
 And thou a faithful God;

O grant

P S A L M CXX.

211

O grant me yet a warmer zeal
To run the heav'nly road.

P A R T XXII.

- 106 Lord, let my cry come near thy throne,
Let me in wisdom grow;
My earnest supplication own,
And promis'd goodness show.
- 107 And then my lips shall be prepar'd
To utter thankful praise;
When thou thy counsels hast reveal'd,
And taught me thy just ways.
- 108 My tongue the praises of thy word
Shall gratefully resound;
Because thy promises are all
With truth and justice crown'd.
- 109 Thy testimonies I have kept,
And constantly obey'd;
Because the love I bore to them
The service easy made.
- 110 O let my soul in safety live,
And it shall give thee praise;
Thy judgments to me grant, my God,
And bless me all my days.

P S A L M CXX, Common Metre.

*Desire of peace, and of being kept from the
strife of tongues.*

I **T**HOU God of love, thou ever-blest!
Pity my suff'ring state;
When wilt thou set my soul at rest
From lips that love deceit?

2 Hard

- 2 Hard lot of mine! my days are cast
Among the sons of strife,
Whose never ceasing slanders waste
My golden hours of life.
- 3 Peace is the blessing that I seek,
How lovely are it's charms!
I am for peace; but when I speak,
They all declare for arms.
- 4 New passions still their souls engage,
And keep their malice strong:
What shall be done to curb thy rage,
O thou devouring tongue!
- 5 Should burning arrows smite thee thro',
Strict justice would approve;
But I had rather spare my foe,
And melt his heart with love.

P S A L M CXXI. Common Metre.

Divine protection.

- 1 **T**O Heav'n I lift my longing eyes,
Whence comes expected aid;
My hope on God's great name relies,
Who Heav'n and earth hath made.
- 2 Their feet can never slide to fall,
Whom he designs to keep:
His ear attends the softest call;
Nor can our guardian sleep.
- 3 Shelter'd beneath his gracious wings
We may securely rest;
Nor heat by day, nor baleful stings
By night shall us molest,

4 He

- 4 He will sustain our weakest pow'rs
 With his Almighty arm:
 And watch our most unguarded hours
 Against surprizing harm.
- 5 In war, in peace, at home, abroad,
 His pow'r shall us defend:
 He'll guide us thro' life's dang'rous road
 Safe to our journey's end.

P S A L M CXXI. As the 148th Psalm.

- 1 **U**PWARD we lift our eyes,
 From God is all our aid;
 The God who built the skies,
 And earth and nature made:
 God is the tow'r
 To which we fly;
 His grace is nigh
 In ev'ry hour.
- 2 Our feet shall never slide
 To fall in fatal snares;
 Our sov'reign guard and guide
 Defends us from such fears:
 His wakeful eyes
 That never sleep,
 Shall good men keep,
 When dangers rise.
- 3 No burning heats by day,
 Nor blasts of ev'ning air,
 Can take our health away,
 If God be with us there:

From

From baleful blight,
 'Thou Lord our shade!
 Will guard our head,
 By noon or night.

- 4 Hast thou not giv'n thy son
 To save our souls from death?
 What wonders hast thou done,
 To guard this mortal breath!
 We'll go and come,
 Nor fear to die,
 'Till from on high
 Thou call'st us home.

P S A L M CXXII. Common Metre.

The pleasure of attending public worship.

- 1 **H**OW did our souls exult to hear
 Our friends devoutly say,
 Before the Lord let's all appear,
 And holy keep his day!
- 2 We'll to his sacred gates repair:
 His church adorn'd with grace
 Stands like a royal palace, where
 God shews his radiant face.
- 3 The son of David *there* his throne
 Maintains as in our sight;
 As to him all our ways are known,
 His judgments all are right.
- 4 Peace be within this sacred place
 And joy a constant guest!
 With holy gifts and heav'nly grace
 Be its attendants blest!

P S A L M CXXII.

215

- 5 Our souls shall pray for Sion's peace
While life or breath remain;
For ever may her palaces
Abundant peace maintain.
- 6 We for our friends and kindred's sake
Will say *this* place be blest:
Here may the Lord his dwelling make,
And weary souls find rest.

P S A L M CXXII. Proper Tune.

- 1 **H**OW pleas'd and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
"Come let us seek our God to day!"
Yes with a chearful zeal
We haste to Sion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.
- 2 Sion, thrice happy place,
Adorn'd with wond'rous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round!
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.
- 3 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of ev'ry guest!
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.

P S A L M

P S A L M CXXIII. Common Metre.

Submission.

- 1 **O** THOU, that on a glorious throne
 Art plac'd above the skies;
 To thee we look for help alone,
 To thee we lift our eyes.
- 2 No servant by his Lord chastis'd
 With more submission stands;
 Nor maids with greater duty wait
 Their mistresses commands,
- 3 Than we who justly feel the rod,
 For evils we have done;
 Look for release, to thee our God,
 Thro' thy beloved son.
- 4 Have mercy, Lord, on us, whose hope
 In thy compassion lies;
 And tho' insulting foes may scorn,
 Yet do not thou despise.

P S A L M CXXIV. Common Metre.

The church's deliverance.

- 1 **H**AD not the Lord, may *Israel* say,
 Been pleas'd to interpose;
 Had he not then espous'd our cause,
 When men against us rose;
- 2 To their insidious arts our lives
 Had been an easy prey;
 Their rage, like an impetuous stream,
 Had swept us quite away.

3 Blest

- 3 Blest be the Lord, who kindly chose
His mercy to enhance;
And when the greatest dangers rose.
Sent us deliverance.
- 4 Like poor entangled birds we lay,
Caught in the fowler's snare;
But wond'rous wisdom mar'd their plots,
And we escaped are.
- 5 Since all our help lies in his name
Who Heav'n and earth hath made;
Our tongues shall spread abroad his fame,
And still implore his aid.

P S A L M CXXV. Common Metre.

The trial and safety of the saints.

- 1 U NSHAKEN as the sacred Hill,
And firm as mountains be,
Or firmer rocks, the soul shall stand
Who trusts, O Lord, in thee.
- 2 See how the hills on ev'ry side
The holy mount inclose!
So stands the Lord around his saints,
To guard them from their foes!
- 3 The wicked may afflict the just,
But ne'er too long oppress;
Nor force him, by unrighteous means
To look for self-redress.
- 4 Be good, O gracious God, to those
Who by thy strength effect
What thou requir'st; and let thy pow'r
Their innocence protect.

U

5 Who

- 5 Who turn aside to crooked paths,
 The Lord will them destroy :
 But he the hopes of all his saints,
 Will crown with lasting joy.

P S A L M CXXV. Short Metre.

Afflictions moderated.

- 1 **F**IRM and unmov'd are they
 That rest their souls on God ;
 Firm as the mount where *David* dwelt,
 Or where the ark abode.
- 2 As mountains stood to guard
 The city's sacred ground ;
 So God and his Almighty love
 Embrace his saints around.
- 3 What tho' the father's rod
 Drop a chastizing stroke ?
 Yet lest it wound their souls too deep,
 It's rigour shall be broke.
- 4 Deal gently, Lord, with those
 Whose faith and pious fear,
 Whose hope, and love, and ev'ry grace
 Proclaim their hearts sincere.
- 5 Nor let afflictions rage
 Too long oppress the faint ;
 But do thou still by pow'rful faith
 Support them, lest they faint.

P S A L M CXXVI. Common Metre.

The joy of a remarkable conversion.

- 1 **W**HEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
 And chang'd my mournful state,
 My

- My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
The grace appear'd so great!
- 2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprizing grace!
- 3 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night,
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.
- 4 Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.
- 5 Tho' seed lie buried long in dust,
'Twill not deceive their hope:
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For God insures the crop.

P S A L M CXXVI. Long Metre.

- 1 **W**HEN God restor'd our captive state,
Joy was our song, and grace our theme;
The grace beyond our hopes so great,
That joy appear'd an empty dream.
- 2 The scoffer owns thy hand and pays
Unwilling honors to thy name;
While we with pleasure shout thy praise,
With chearful songs thy love proclaim.
- 3 When we review our dismal fears,
We scarce could think they'd vanish so;
With God we left our flowing tears,
He makes our joys like rivers flow.

- 4 The man that in his furrow'd field
His scatter'd corn with sadness leaves,
Will shout to see the harvest yield
A welcome load of joyful sheaves.

P S A L M CXXVII. Common Metre.

The blessing of God, how necessary, on the comforts of life.

- 1 **I**F God to build the house denies,
The workmen build in vain;
Cities without his watchful eyes,
An useless watch maintain.
- 2 In vain we rise before the day,
And late to rest repair,
To all our toil give no allay,
And eat the bread of care;
- 3 All our attempts are *very* vain,
If yet by God unblest:
But when he show'rs his fruitful rain
We then have food and rest.
- 4 Nor children, relatives, nor friends,
Shall real blessings prove;
Nor all the earthly joys he sends,
If sent without his love.

P S A L M CXXVII. Long Metre.

- 1 **I**F God succeed not, all the cost
And pains to build the house are lost;
If God the city will not keep,
Its chosen guards may watch or sleep.
- 2 What tho' we rise before the sun,
And toiling work 'till day is done;

Careful

Careful and sparing eat our bread,
To shun that poverty we dread?

- 3 'Tis all in vain, 'till God hath blest;
'Tis he makes rich, his word gives rest.
Children and friends are blessings too,
If God, our Sov'reign, make them so.
- 4 Happy the man to whom he sends,
Obedient children, faithful friends!
How sweet our daily comforts prove,
When they are season'd with his love!

P S A L M CXXVIII. Common Metre.

Domestic blessings.

- 1 **O** HAPPY man whose soul is fill'd
With zeal and rev'rend awe!
His lips to God their honors yield,
His life adorns his law.
- 2 God's secret providence shall stand,
And ever guard his head;
And on the labours of his hand
It's kindest influence shed.
- 3 The Lord shall his best wishes crown
With each domestic joy;
His nuptial blessings shall abound;
His peace none shall destroy.
- 4 This is the man whose happy eyes
Shall see his house encrease;
Shall see the sinking church arise;
Then leave the world in peace.

P S A L M CXXIX. Common Metre.

Persecutors defeated.

- 1 **U**P from my youth, may Israel say,
Have I been nurs'd in tears;
My griefs were constant as the day,
And tedious as the years.
- 2 Up from my youth I bore the rage
Of all the sons of strife;
Oft they assail'd my riper age,
But not destroy'd my life.
- 3 Their cruel furrows on my flesh,
They marked deep and long;
But God hath shew'd his pow'r afresh,
And rescu'd me from wrong.
- 4 Thus shall the men that hate the saints
Be blasted from the sky;
Their glory fades, their courage faints,
And all their prospects die.
- 5 So corn that on the house-top stands,
No promise gives of sheaves;
No traveller with lifted hands
A blessing on it craves.

P S A L M CXXX. Common Metre.

Pardoning mercy.

- 1 **O**UT of the deeps of sore distress,
The borders of despair,
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,
My groans to move thine ear.
- 2 Great God, should thy severer eye
And thine impartial hand,

Mark

Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.

- 3 But there are pardons with our God
For crimes of high degree;
The Saviour shed his precious blood
To make our pardon free.
- 4 We long for the refreshing beams
Of thine enliv'ning ray;
More than the morning watch, the streams
Of the first dawning day.
- 5 Let Israel trust in God alone,
No bounds his mercy knows:
The joyful day of grace hath shone,
From whence salvation flows.
- 6 There's full redemption at his throne
For sinners long enslav'd;
And penitents, who view his son,
With Israel shall be sav'd.

P S A L M CXXX. Long Metre.

- 1 **F**ROM deep distress, and troubled thoughts,
To thee, O God, we raise our cries;
If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.
- 2 But thou hast rais'd thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy pardons there;
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope and love as well as fear.
- 3 Our trust is fix'd upon thy word,
Nor shall we trust thy word in vain:
Let penitents address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

4 Great

- 4 Great is his love, and large his grace,
Thro' the redemption of his son:
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

P S A L M CXXXI. Common Metre.

Humility and hope in God.

- 1 **O** LORD, I am not proud of heart,
Nor cast a scornful eye;
Nor my aspiring thoughts employ
In things for me too high.
- 2 With infant innocence, thou know'st,
I have myself demean'd;
Compos'd to quiet, like a babe
That from the breast is wean'd.
- 3 Like me, let *Israel* hope in God,
His aid alone implore;
Both now and ever trust in him,
Who lives for evermore.

P S A L M CXXXII. Common Metre.

God's care for his church.

- 1 **O**F old th' Almighty chose the hill
Of Sion for his rest;
And Sion is his dwelling still,
His church by him is blest.
- 2 *We* no long journies now need go,
Nor wander far abroad;
Where'er his saints assembled are,
There is an house for God.
- 3 Lord enter with thy glorious train,
Thy spirit and thy word;

All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

- 4 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.
- 5 Let all thy ministers, O Lord,
Be cloath'd with righteousness;
That saints may triumph in thy love,
And evermore thee bless.
- 6 Here let the son of David reign;
And as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

P S A L M CXXXIII. Common Metre.

Unity and love.

- 1 **H**OW vast must their advantage be!
How great their pleasure prove!
Who live like brethren, and consent
In offices of love!
- 2 When streams hereof, from Christ the spring
Descend on ev'ry soul;
And heav'nly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole;
- 3 'Tis like the oyl divinely sweet
On Aaron's rev'rend head;
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.
- 4 'Tis pleasant as the pearly dew
That fall on Sion's hill;

Where

Where God his mildest glory shews,
And makes his grace distil.

P S A L M CXXXIII. Short Metre.

Family amity and worship.

- 1 **B**LEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs, to serve and please,
Thro' all their actions run.
- 2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows
Make their communion sweet.
- 3 Thus when on Aaron's head
They pour'd the rich perfume;
The oyl thro' all his raiment spread,
And pleasure fill'd the room.
- 4 Thus on the heav'nly hills
The saints are blest above;
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
And all the air is love.

P S A L M CXXXIV. Common Metre.

Devotion recommended.

- 1 **Y**E that attend th' immortal King
Within his holy place;
Bow to the glories of his pow'r,
And blest his wond'rous grace.
- 2 Lift up your hands by morning light,
And send your souls on high;
Raise your admiring thoughts by night
Above the starry sky.

- 3 May Sion's God his people chear
 With rays of quick'ning grace;
 The God that spreads the Heav'ns abroad,
 And rules the swelling seas.

P S A L M CXXXV. Common Metre.

An exhortation to praise God.

- 1 **Y**E servants of th' Almighty King
 That Heav'n and Earth did frame;
 Who in his house and work preside,
 Extol his glorious name.
- 2 O let the goodness of the Lord
 Your best affections raise;
 Your inward pleasure will increase
 Together with your praise.
- 3 In him do all perfections meet,
 His greatness knows no bound;
 Whate'er by other Gods is claim'd,
 In him alone is found.
- 4 His pow'r created all at first,
 His pleasure rules them still.
 His uncontrolled mind the Heav'n,
 The earth and seas fulfil.
- 5 By undiscerned force he makes
 The vapours to arise,
 Which frame the clouds; where fire un-
 Mingled with water lies. [quench'd
- 6 From thence the dreadful lightnings burst,
 And rains are poured down;
 He brings his boist'rous winds and storms
 From treasures unknown.

P A R T

P A R T II.

- 7 Supported by thy works, O Lord,
 Thy fame can never die;
 But thy memorial shall endure
 To all eternity.
- 8 Tho' God's offending people may
 Under oppression mourn;
 He'll take their part, and all his wrath
 Shall into kindness turn.
- 9 The heathen idols silver are,
 Or gold at best, and thence
 Derive their worth; but are no Gods,
 Since void of life and sense.
- 10 For tho' the maker forms an eye,
 A mouth, or other part;
 He cannot give them sight or breath,
 Motion or life by art.
- 11 As senseless as themselves are they,
 That all their skill apply
 To make them; or, in dang'rous times,
 On them for aid rely.
- 12 For ever may thy songs of praise
 Sound forth with sweet accord;
 His church is with his glory fill'd;
 O praise the highest Lord.

P S A L M CXXXVI. Common Metre.

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God, the sov'reign Lord,
 His mercies still endure;
 And be the King of Kings ador'd,
 His truth is ever sure.

- 2 What wonders hath his wisdom done!
How mighty is his hand!
Heav'n, earth, and sea he fram'd alone;
How wide is his command!
- 3 The sun supplies the day with light;
How bright his counsels shine!
The moon and stars adorn the night:
His works are all divine.
- 4 He saw the nations dead in sin;
He felt his pity move;
How sad the state the world was in!
How boundless was his love!
- 5 He sent to save us from our woe;
His goodness never fails;
From death, and hell, and ev'ry foe;
And still his grace prevails.
- 6 Give thanks to God, the heav'nly King;
His mercies still endure;
Let the whole earth his praises sing;
His truth is ever sure.

PSALM CXXXVI. [As the 148th Psalm.

God prais'd for particular mercies.

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,
The sov'reign King of Kings;
And be his grace ador'd:
His pow'r and grace
Are still the same,
And let his name
Have endless praise.

- 2 How mighty is his hand!
 What wonders hath he done!
 He form'd the earth and seas,
 And spread the Heav'ns *alone*.
 Thy mercy, Lord,
 Shall still endure;
 And ever sure
 Abides thy word.
- 3 His wisdom fram'd the sun,
 To crown the day with light;
 The moon and twinkling stars
 To chear the darksome night.
 His pow'r and grace
 Are still the same;
 And let his name
 Have endless praise.
- 4 He doth the food supply
 On which all creatures live;
 To God, who reigns on high,
 Eternal praises give.
 His mercies sure,
 Just themes of praise,
 To endless days
 Unchang'd endure.

P A R T II.

- 5 Give thanks to God most high,
 The universal Lord,
 The sov'reign King of Kings;
 And be his grace ador'd.

His

His pow'r and grace
Are still the same,
And let his name
Have endless praise.

- 6 He saw the nations lie
All perishing in sin;
And pity'd the sad state
The ruin'd world was in.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.
- 7 He sent his only son
To save us from our woe;
From Satan, sin, and death,
And ev'ry hurtful foe.
His pow'r and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.
- 8 Give thanks to God alone,
To God the heav'nly King;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glory sing.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

P S A L M CXXXVII. Common Metre.

The constancy of the Jews in captivity.

- 1 **W**HEN we our weary limbs did rest,
By proud Euphrates stream;
We wept, with doleful thoughts opprest,
And *Sion* was our theme.
- 2 Our harps that, when with joy we sung,
Were wont their parts to bear;
With silent strings neglected hung
On willows which were near.
- 3 Mean while our foes, who all conspir'd
To triumph in our wrongs;
Musick and mirth of us requir'd,
And one of *Sion's* songs.
- 4 How shall we tune our voice to sing,
Or harp touch with our hands!
Shall hymns of joy to God our King,
Be sung in foreign lands!
- 5 Of Salem, our once happy seat,
When I forgetful prove,
Then let my trembling hand forget
The strings with art to move.
- 6 If I to mention thee forbear,
May silence seize my tongue;
Or if I sing one chearful air,
'Till freedom is my song.

P S A L M CXXXVII. Long Metre.

- 1 **W**HEN on Euphrates banks we sat
Deploring *Sion's* doleful state;
Our

Our harps, to which we lately sang,
Mute as ourselves, on willows hang.

- 2 Our spoiler thus our sadness jeers,
Change into mirth your sighs and tears;
And give us with your hand and tongues,
One of your pleasant hebrew songs.
- 3 Oh! how can we our airs compose
And sing of God amongst his foes!
When I forget his sacred hill,
May my right hand forget her skill.
- 4 When I shall thy remembrance leave,
My tongue unto it's roof shall cleave;
All other joys I shall contemn,
Calling to mind Jerusalem.

P S A L M CXXXVIII. Common Metre.

God praised for his truth.

- 1 **T**O magnify the Lord, our souls,
Your best affections raise;
In joyful hymns, while angels hear,
We sing thy matchless praise.
- 2 Within thy church, thy constant truth
And goodness we proclaim;
These raise our wonder, and display
The glories of thy name.
- 3 In our distress to thee we cry'd,
And thou our pray'r did'st hear;
Thou did'st support us with thy strength,
And with thy comforts cheer.
- 4 The Lord, tho' he's inthron'd on high,
Does thence the poor respect;

The proud far off, his searching eye
Beholds with just neglect.

5 Thy former kindneſſes prevent
Our fears, when in diſtreſs;
Thy hand will ſave us from our foes,
Thy pow'r their wrath repreſs.

6 The Lord, whoſe mercies ever laſt,
Shall fix our happy ſtate;
And mindful of his favours paſt,
Shall his own work compleat.

P S A L M CXXXIX. Common Metre.

God every where preſent.

1 **I**N all my vaſt concerns, with thee,
In vain my ſoul would try
To ſhun thy preſence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all ſurrounding ſight ſurveyſ
My riſing and my reſt;
My publick walks, my private ways,
And ſecrets of my breaſt.

3 My thoughts lie open to thy view,
Tho' yet unform'd within;
And e're my Lips pronounce the word,
Thou know'ſt the ſenſe I mean.

4 O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Enclos'd on ev'ry ſide.

5 Should I ſuppreſs my *vital* breath,
To 'ſcape the wrath divine;

Thy

Thy voice would break the bars of death,
And make the grave resign.

- 6 If, wing'd with beams of morning light,
I reach some distant sea;
Thy hand must aid the rapid flight,
Thy presence compass me.
- 7 If o'er my sins I think to draw
The curtains of the *night*;
Those flaming eyes, which guard thy law,
Would turn the shades to light.
- 8 The beams of noon, the midnight-hour
Are both alike to thee;
O! may I ne'er provoke that pow'r
From which I cannot flee.

P A R T II.

The formation of man.

- 9 When I with pleasing wonder stand,
And all my frame survey;
Lord, 'tis *thy* work; I own thy hand
Thus built my humble clay.
- 10 Thy hand my heart and reins possess
Where unborn nature grew;
Thy wisdom all my features trac'd
And all these members drew.
- 11 Thine eye with nicest care survey'd
The growth of ev'ry part;
'Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had laid
Was copy'd by thy art.
- 12 Lord when I count thy mercies o'er,
They strick me with surprize;

Not

Not all the sand that spread the shore
To equal numbers rise.

13 My flesh, with fear and wonder, stands
The produce of thy skill,
And hourly blessings from thy hands
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

14 These on my heart by night I keep :
How *kind* how *dear* to me !
O may the hour that ends my sleep
Still find my thoughts with thee.

P S A L M CXXXIX. Long Metre.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast search'd and seen us thro'
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
Our rising and our resting hours,
Our hearts and flesh, with all their pow'rs.
- 2 Our thoughts, before they are our own,
Are unto God distinctly known ?
He knows the words we mean to speak,
E're from our opening lips they break.
- 3 Within thy circling pow'r we stand,
On ev'ry side we find thy hand :
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
We are surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great !
What large extent ! what lofty height !
Our souls, with all the Pow'rs they boast,
Are in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 Could we so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love ;
Where Lord, could we thy presence shun ?
Or whither from thy influence run ?

- 6 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes ;
Thro' midnight shades thou seest thy way,
As in the blazing noon of day.
- 7 If mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the western sea ;
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.
- 8 O may these thoughts possess our breast,
Where'er we rove, where'er we rest :
Nor let our weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

P A R T II.

The formation of man.

- 9 'Twas from thy hand, my God, I came,
A work of such a curious frame ;
In me thy fearful wonders shine
And each proclaims thy skill divine.
- 10 Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,
Which yet in dark confusion lay ;
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
Form'd by the model of thy book.
- 11 By thee my growing parts were nam'd,
And what thy sov'reign counsels fram'd,
The breathing lungs, the beating heart,
Was copy'd with unerring art.
- 12 At last, to shew my Maker's name,
God stamp'd his image on my frame ;
And in some unknown moment join'd
The finish'd members to the mind.

13 Lord,

- 13 Lord, since in my advancing age
I've acted on life's busy stage;
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The pow'r of numbers to recount.
- 14 I could survey the ocean o'er,
And count each sand that makes the shore,
Before my swiftest thoughts could trace
The num'rous wonders of thy grace.
- 15 These on my heart are still imprest;
With these I give my eyes to rest;
And at my waking hour I find
God and his love possess my mind.

P S A L M CXL. Common Metre.

Prayer for deliverance from enemies.

- 1 **P**RESERVE thy servant, Lord from
Who base and cruel are; [those
Whose hearts are still on mischief set,
Their hands prepar'd for war.
- 2 Save me from hands of wicked men,
And from my dang'rous foe;
Who with delib'rate malice seeks
My steps to overthrow.
- 3 I said to thee, thou art my God,
The God I love and fear;
To thee alone I cry for aid,
My supplication hear.
- 4 That God will succour by his might
Th' afflicted in his woe
And to the poor procure their right,
I by experience know.

5 Tho*

- 5 Tho' slander's breath may raise a storm,
 It quickly will decay;
 Their rage does but the torrent swell
 That bears themselves away.
- 6 Surely the righteous thanks shall give,
 And of thy mercies tell;
 The upright, who obedient live,
 Shall in thy presence dwell.

P S A L M CXLI. Common Metre.

*For acceptance in prayer; watchfulness, and
 the benefit of friendly counsel.*

- 1 **T**O thee, O Lord, our cries ascend,
 O haste to our relief;
 In mercy to our calls attend,
 And dissipate our grief.
- 2 O let our earnest pray'r to thee
 As greatful incense rise;
 Our lifted hands accepted be,
 As th' ev'ning sacrifice.
- 3 Let not our words unguarded flow,
 But may we watch our tongue,
 That no intemp'rate speech may show
 Impatient sense of wrong.
- 4 When upright men our faults reprove,
 Still may we think them kind;
 As highest instances of love,
 Or balm to heal our mind.
- 5 To thee, O Lord, we still direct
 Our supplicating eyes;
 That soul from ev'ry ill protect
 Which to thy mercy flies.

P S A L M

P S A L M CXLI. Long Metre.

- 1 **M**Y God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thine house,
And let my ev'ning worship rise
Sweet as the ev'ning sacrifice.
- 2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From ev'ry rash and heedless word ;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path, where sinners lead.
- 3 O may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wand'ring way !
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.
- 4 When I behold them prest with grief,
I'll cry to Heav'n for their relief ;
And by my warm petitions prove,
How much I prize their faithful love.

P S A L M CXLII. Common Metre.

God the hope of the helpless.

- 1 **T**O God I made my sorrows known,
From God I sought relief ;
In long complaints before his throne
I pour'd out all my grief.
- 2 My soul was over-whelm'd with woes,
My heart began to break ;
My God who all my burdens knows,
He knows the way I take.
- 3 On ev'ry side I cast mine eye,
And found my helpers gone ;
While friends and strangers past me by
Neglected or unknown.

4 Then

- 4 Then did I raise a louder cry,
 And call'd thy mercy near;
 "Thou art my portion when I die,
 "Be thou my refuge here.
- 5 Lord, I am brought exceeding low,
 Now let thine ear attend;
 And make my subtle en'mies know,
 I've an Almighty friend.
- 6 From my sad prison set me free,
 Then shall I praise thy name;
 And *all*, who my deliv'rance see,
 Thy kindness will proclaim.

P S A L M CXLIII. Common Metre.

Complaint under heavy afflictions.

- 1 **L**ORD, hear my pray'r, in my distress
 Thy wonted audience lend;
 In thy accustom'd righteousness
 A gracious answer send.
- 2 Call not thy servant to thy bar,
 In strictness to be try'd;
 For none alive, wert thou severe,
 Could e'er be justify'd.
- 3 Look down in pity, Lord, and see,
 How to the dust I'm brought;
 With heavy woes they burden me,
 Who for my life have sought,
- 4 My thoughts in awful silence trace,
 The mercy thou hast shown;
 The former wonders of thy grace,
 And love to all made known.

- 5 Then to thy throne I stretch my hands,
 Lord, gracious, just, and true!
 For thee I thirst, as parched lands
 Thirst for the heav'nly dew.
- 6 Cause me to hear thy kindest love
 Ere dawning of the day;
 I lift my soul to thee above,
 For thou art all my stay.
- 7 Revive me, Lord, in my distress,
 Teach me to do thy will;
 Conduct me thro' this wilderness
 Safe to thy heav'nly hill.

P S A L M CXLIII. Long Metre.

- 1 **O**UR righteous judge, our gracious God!
 Hear when we spread our hands abroad,
 And cry for succour from thy throne;
 O make thy truth and mercy known.
- 2 Let judgment not against us pass;
 Behold thy servants plead thy grace:
 Should justice call us to thy bar,
 No man alive is guiltless there.
- 3 Our thoughts in silent musing trace,
 The ancient wonders of thy grace:
 Thence we derive some rays of hope,
 To bear our sinking spirits up.
- 4 For thee, each night, we sigh, we mourn,
 When will thy smiling face return?
 O might we hear thy morning voice
 How would our weary'd pow'rs rejoice!
- 5 Break off our fetters, Lord, and show
 Which is the path our feet should go:

Let

Let thy good spirit from above
Conduct us to the world of love.

- 6 Then shall our souls no more complain;
The tempter then shall rage in vain
And flesh and sin, our foes before,
Shall never vex our spirits more.

P S A L M CXLIV. Common Metre.

Victory over enemies.

- 1 **F**OR ever blessed be the Lord,
Our help and saving might,
Who shews our hands to wield the sword,
Our fingers how to fight.
- 2 His goodness is our fort and tow'r,
Deliverance and shield;
In him we trust, whose matchless pow'r
Makes all our en'mies yield.
- 3 Lord, what is man, poor feeble man!
Born of the earth at first;
His life a shadow light and vain,
Still hasting to the dust;
- 4 O what is feeble dying man,
Or any of his race,
That thou shouldst make it thy concern
To visit him with grace!
- 5 *That* God who darts his lightning down,
Who shakes the worlds above,
And nations tremble at his frown,
How wond'rous is his love!
- 6 Happy the place whose warlike sons
Like pillars firm are set;

- Whose daughters fair, in youthful bloom,
Give beauty to the state!
- 7 Happy, whose magazines of grain
Abundant stores do hold;
Whose flocks and cattle on the plain
Bring forth a thousand-fold.
- 8 Happy the nation thus endow'd,
But happier far are those,
On whom the all-sufficient God
His wondrous grace bestows.

P S A L M CXLV. Common Metre.

The greatness, goodness, and mercy of God.

- 1 **L**ONG as we live we'll bless thy name,
Our king and God of love!
Our work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.
- 2 Great is the Lord, his pow'r unknown,
And let his praise be great:
We'll sing the honors of his throne,
His works of grace repeat.
- 3 His grace shall dwell upon our tongue,
And while our lips rejoice,
The men that hear our sacred song,
Shall join their chearful voice.
- 4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy Name,
And Children learn thy Ways,
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.
- 5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall thro' the world be known;

Thine

Thine arm of pow'r, thy heav'nly state
With public splendor shown.

- 6 The world is manag'd by thy hands,
Thy saints are rul'd by love;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

P A R T II.

- 7 Sweet is the mem'ry of thy grace,
O God, our heav'nly King!
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.
- 8 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies;
Thro' the whole earth his bounty shines,
And ev'ry want supplies.
- 9 With longing eyes his creatures wait
On him for daily food;
His lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And they are fill'd with good.
- 10 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
Soon doth he send his pard'ning word,
To chear the souls he loves.
- 11 His stedfast throne from changes free
Shall stand for ever fast;
His boundless sway no end shall see,
But fame itself outlast.

P A R T III.

Mercy to sufferers.

- 12 Let ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak,
 Thou sov'reign Lord of all;
 Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
 And raise the poor that fall.
- 13 When sorrows bow the spirit down,
 Or virtue lies distrest
 Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
 God gives th' afflicted rest.
- 14 The Lord supports our feeble days,
 And guides our giddy youth:
 Holy and just are all his ways;
 And all his words are truth.
- 15 He knows the pain his servants feel,
 He hears his children cry,
 And, their best wishes to fulfil,
 His grace is ever nigh.
- 16 His mercy never shall remove
 From men of heart sincere;
 He saves the souls, whose humble love
 Is joined with holy fear.
- 17 Our lips shall dwell upon his praise,
 And spread his fame abroad,
 Let all mankind their voices raise,
 To glorify our God.

P S A L M CXLV. Long Metre.

- 1 **O** GOD, our King, thy various praise
 Shall fill the remnant of our days;
 Thy

- Thy grace doth *here* employ our song,
 Death shall the glorious theme prolong.
- 2 The wings of ev'ry hour shall bear
 Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
 And ev'ry setting sun shall see
 New acts of homage paid to thee.
- 3 Thy truth and justice we'll proclaim,
 Thy bounty flows an endless stream;
 Thy mercy swift! thine anger slow!
 But dreadful to the stubborn foe.
- 4 Thy works with sov'reign glory shine,
 And speak thy Majesty divine;
 Let earth with all her stores proclaim
 The sacred honors of thy name.
- 5 Let distant times and nations raise
 The long succession of thy praise:
 Let future ages make our song
 The joy and labour of their tongue.
- 6 But who can speak thy wond'rous deeds?
 Thy greatness all our thought exceeds:
 Vast and unsearchable thy ways!
 Vast and immortal be thy praise.

P S A L M CXLVI. Common Metre.

Praise to God for his goodness and truth.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, and thou my soul
 Thy best affections raise!
 While life shall last, his love shall be
 The subject of my praise.
- 2 Vain are our hopes from mighty kings,
 Whose glories at their death

Sink.

- Sink to the grave, and all their thoughts
Do vanish with their breath.
- 3 But happy is that man, and blest,
Whom *Jacob's* God doth aid;
Whose hope is fix'd upon that pow'r
Which earth and Heaven made.
- 4 His truth for ever stands secure;
He gives the conscience peace;
He saves th' oppress'd, and feeds the poor,
And pris'ners doth release.
- 5 The stranger he preserves from harm;
The orphan kindly treats;
Defends the widow, and the wiles
Of wicked men defeats.
- 6 This God, who ever loves his saints,
In Sion ever reigns;
Let all our pow'rs his praise rehearse
In everlasting strains.

P S A L M CXLVI. As the 113th Psalm.

- 1 **I**'LL praise my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.
- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: He made the sky,
And earth and seas with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure,
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

- 3 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind :
 The Lord supports the sinking mind :
 Thy God, O Sion, ever reigns ;
 Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,
 In this exalted work engage ;
 Praise him in everlasting strains.

P S A L M CXLVII. Common Metre.

Praise to God for his grace and bounty.

- 1 **O** PRAISE the Lord with hymns of joy,
 And celebrate his fame ;
 Your voices and your hearts employ,
 To praise his holy name.
- 2 He kindly heals the broken hearts ;
 Gives to the weary rest :
 Reviving joys his grace imparts,
 And makes the humble blest.
- 3 Great is our Lord and of great might,
 His providence is just ;
 His pow'r and mercy infinite
 Raise sinners from the dust.
- 4 With songs and honors sounding loud
 Address the Lord on high ;
 Over the Heav'ns he spreads his cloud,
 And waters veil the sky.
- 5 He sends his show'rs of blessings down
 To cheer the plains below ;
 He makes the grass the mountains crown,
 And corn in vallies grow.
- 6 His steady counsels change the face
 Of the declining year ;

He

- He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wint'ry days appear.
- 7 He sends his word and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.
- 8 Thro' all our land his grace is known,
To us he gives his word;
Where hath he greater kindness shown?
O praise this heav'nly Lord.

P S A L M CXLVII. Long Metre.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord: 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise:
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.
- 2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers nations to his name:
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.
- 3 He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
Great is our Lord, and great his might,
And all his glories infinite!
- 4 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds around the sky;
Who makes the grass the hills adorn,
And cloaths the smiling fields with corn.
- 5 The changing seasons he ordains,
The early and the later rains:
The hoary frost he spreads below,
Or bids the southern breezes blow.

- 6 To all our Land his laws are shown,
 His gospel thro' our nation's known:
 He hath not thus reveal'd his word
 To ev'ry land: praise ye the Lord.

P S A L M CXLVIII. Common Metre.

Universal praise.

- 1 **L**ET all the world their voices join
 To praise th' eternal God;
 Ye heav'nly hosts the song begin,
 And sound his name abroad.
- 2 High on a throne his glories dwell,
 An awful throne of bliss!
 Ye heav'nly lights, him praise and tell
 How dark your beams to his.
- 3 Awake, ye tempests, and his fame
 In sounds of praise declare;
 Let the sweet whisper of his name
 Fill ev'ry breeze of air.
- 4 Let clouds, and winds and waves agree
 To join with blazing fire;
 Let the firm earth and rolling sea
 In one blest song conspire.
- 5 Ye flow'ry plains, proclaim his skill;
 Vallies, before his eye,
 And let his praise, from ev'ry hill,
 Rise tuneful to the sky.
- 6 By all his various works around,
 His honors be exprest;
 But those who most his grace have found
 Should sing his praises best.

P A R T II.

- 7 Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,
 When nature round you sings?
 O for a shout from old and young,
 From swains and lofty kings!
- 8 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
 His glorious name make known;
 Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
 And sound it to his throne.
- 9 *Jehovah*, 'tis a glorious word!
 Still may it please our tongue!
 But those who best have known the Lord,
 Should raise the noblest song.
- 10 United zeal from all be shown,
 His wond'rous fame to raise;
 God is the Lord, his name alone
 Deserves our endless praise.
- 11 Speak of the wonders of that love,
 Which angels high record;
 Let earth below, and Heav'n above
 Sing praises to the Lord.

P S A L M CXLVIII. Proper Tune.

Praise to God from all creatures.

- 1 **Y**E boundless realms of joy,
 Exalt your Maker's fame:
 His praise your songs employ
 Above the stary frame.

Ye

Ye holy throng,
Of angels bright,
In worlds of light
Begin the song.

- 2 Thou sun with dazzling rays,
And moon that rules the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light.

His praise declare,
Ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly
In liquid air.

- 3 The shining orbs above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move,
By his supreme command:

He spake the word,
And all their frame
From nothing came,
To praise the Lord.

- 4 Let earth her tribute pay,
And monsters of the deep;
The fish that cleave the sea,
Or in its bosom sleep;

Fire, hail and snow,
And misty air,
And winds that, where
He bids them, blow.

- 5 Let all of royal birth,
With those of humbler frame,
And judges of the earth,
His matchless praise proclaim:

In this design,
 Let youths with maids,
 And hoary heads
 With children join.

- 6 Let all the nations fear
 The God that rules above ;
 He brings his people near
 And makes them taste his love.
 Wide as he reigns,
 His name be sung,
 By ev'ry tongue,
 In endless strains.

P S A L M CXLIX. Common Metre.

The righteous rejoice in death and judgment.

- 1 **A**LL ye that love the Lord rejoice,
 And let your songs be new ;
 Amidst the church, with chearful voice,
 His later wonders shew.
- 2 The Lord takes pleasure in the just ;
 Whom sinners treat with scorn ;
 The meek, that lie despis'd in dust,
 Salvation shall adorn.
- 3 Saints shall be joyful in their King,
 Ev'n on a dying bed ;
 And like the souls in glory sing,
 For God shall raise the dead.
- 4 When Christ his judgment-seat ascends,
 And bids the world appear ;
 Thrones are prepared for his friends,
 Who humbly lov'd him here.

5 Then

5. Then praise shall fill their tongues, his grace
 New triumphs shall afford;
 Such honors are before his face
 For such as love the Lord.

P S A L M CL. Common Metre.

A song of praise.

- 1 **I**N God's own house pronounce his praise,
 His grace he there reveals;
 To Heav'n your joy and wonder raise,
 For there his glory dwells.
- 2 Let all your sacred passions move,
 While you rehearse his deeds;
 But the great work of saving love
 Your highest praise exceeds.
- 3 All that have motion, life or breath
 Proclaim your Maker blest;
 Yet when my voice expires in death,
 My soul shall praise him best.

THE END.

I N D E X.

N. B. In this Index, P. II. is put for Part Second, P. III. for Part Third, &c. the Figures point to the Psalms.

A.

- A**FFLICTED Saints happy, 73, 94, 119, P. XIV.
 Afflictions overcome, 3, 6, 10, 30, 77, 88, 143.
 — Hope in them, 13, 34, 39, 42, 91, 102, 103, 107,
 125, 145, 146.
 — Support under them, 55, 77, 119, P. VI, XI,
 XIV.
 — their advantages, 66, 94, 119, P. VIII. 125, 137.
 Aged Saints, their hope, 71, 145.
 America blessed, 107.
 Angels, their Duty and Office, 34, 91, 103, 104.
 Appeal of the Righteous, 7, 26, 131.
 Atheism, practical, 10, 14, 36, 53.
 Attributes of God, 36, 111, 135, 145, 147.

B.

- Backsliders restored, 25, 51.
 Beauty, personal, of Christ, 45, 72.
 — of Gospel Worship and Order, 45, 48.
 — of Creation, 19, 65, 104.
 Blessedness of the good Man, 1, 119, P. I.
 — of those who receive the Gospel, 89.
 — who keep their Covenant, 103.
 — who trust in God, 84.
 Blessings of Christ's Kingdom, 72.
 — of Providence, 65, 68, 84.
 — of God on the Comforts of Life, 127, 128, 133,
 144.
 Brotherly Love and Reproof, 133, 141.
 Charity,

I N D E X.

C.

Charity	37, P. II. 41, 112.
Children praising God,	8.
— instructed,	34, 78, 119, P. II.
Christ the Son of God and universal King,	2, 21, 72, 118.
— our Hope,	4.
— his Sufferings and Death,	22, 69.
— his Coming and Sacrifice,	8, 40, 96, 98, 136.
— the true David,	89.
— his Glory and Priesthood,	45, 110.
— the eternal Creator,	102.
— the Sinners Salvation,	69.
— his Love to Enemies,	109.
— his Ascension and Exaltation,	24, 68, 110, 118.
Churches Safety and Triumph,	45, 46, 124, 132.
— increase,	45, 48, 67, 80, 87, 102, 132.
Complaint,	6, 44, 77, 80, 83, 143.
Conduct divine,	17, 73, 113.
Confession of Sin,	32, 51, 130, 143.
Confidence in the Divine Favour,	17, 20, 33, 115.
Constancy of the Jews in Captivity,	137.
Conversion, joy of,	126.
— of Jews and Gentiles,	87, 106.
Coronation Psalm,	101.
Covenant, its Unchangeableness,	89, 105, 106.
— made with Christ,	89, 111.
Creation praises God,	8, 19, 33, 104, 147, 148.

D.

Danger of being hardened in Sin,	119, P. XX.
Death, courage in it,	16, 17, 90, 149.
Degenerate State of Man,	51, 53.
Delays of Sinners warned against,	95.
Delight in God,	63, 73, 84.
Deliverance, Spiritual,	3, 6, 13, 18, 25, 77, 85, 118, 130.
— from Enemies,	10, 35, 54, 56, 59, 94, 125, 140.
Z 3	Deliverance,

I N D E X.

Deliverance, from Shipwreck,	107.
— of the Church,	124.
Devotion recommended,	134.
Doubts and Fears suppress'd,	3, 55, 88.
Domestic Blessings,	128, 133.
Duties to God and Man,	15, 24.

E.

Earnestness after God,	42, 63.
Education, religious,	34, 78.
End of the Righteous and Wicked,	1, 37, 91.
Enemies of the Church overcome,	12, 18, P. II. 76.
Equity of Providence, <i>see Providence</i> ,	9.
Examination, or Evidences of Grace,	26, 139.
Example of Christ in the Love of Enemies,	109.

F.

Faith in the Divine Power,	62, 103, 130.
— in the Merits of Christ,	51.
Family Government and Blessings,	101, 128, 133.
Favour of God to his Children,	36, 63, 103.
Fear of God,	85, 86, 111, 119, P. XVI.
Flattery and Deceit complain'd of,	12, 36.
Formal Worship, <i>see Hypocrisy</i> ,	50.
Formation of Man,	139, P. II.
Friendship its Blessings,	101, 133, 141.
Funeral Psalms,	89, 90.

G.

Gentiles converted, <i>see Church</i> ,	45, 72, 87, 96, 98.
Glory of God manifested,	8, 19, 50, 69, 104, 113.
God our Portion and Shepherd,	4, 23, 73.
— his Care and Dominion,	7, 11, 56, 68, 91, 97,
	99, 100, 111, 145.
— his Wisdom, Power, and Mercy,	9, 66, 89, 91,
	93, 96, 117, 139, 145.
God his Faithfulness and Truth,	89, 105, 111, 138, 146.
— his Eternity, Omniscience, and Omnipresence,	90,
	93, 139.
Good,	

I N D E X.

Good, chief, wherein it consists,	4, 94, 119, P. VIII.
— Man's End,	1, 37, 91.
Gospel its Success, <i>see Gentiles</i> ,	19, 45, 48, 110.
— its joyful Sound,	89, 98.
Grace and Glory,	84, 145.
— of Christ,	45, 72.
— our's try'd by Affliction	17, 66, 125.
— shown to our Country,	147.

H.

Happiness of a good King's Reign,	72.
— in the Favour of God,	4, 118.
Harvest, <i>see Seasons</i> ,	65, 126.
Health prayed for,	6, 30, 31, 38, 39.
Heaven the Saint's dwelling Place,	17, 24, 149, 150.
Heart prepared (fixed) to praise God,	57, 108.
— known to God and fashioned by him,	7, 119, P. X.
Holiness recommended,	15, 24, 34, 119, P. I.
Hope in God, <i>see Trust</i> ,	4, 13, 31, 42, 43.
— of Saints not disappointed,	126, 131, 146.
Humiliation in Time of War,	60.
Humility acceptable,	50, 131, 147.
Hypocrisy judged,	50.
Hypocrites their Character,	12.

I.

Idolatry reprov'd,	115, 135.
Jesus reigns, <i>see Christ</i> ,	96.
Increase of the Church, Matter of Praise,	67, 68, P. II.
	72.
Infidelity, its Language,	10, 14, 36, 53.
Ingratitude punished,	78.
Instruction from God and Scripture,	19, 25, 34, 119, P. II.
Joy of a remarkable Conversion,	126.
Judges, <i>see Magistrates</i>	
Judgment, the last,	1, 9, 50, 96, 98, 149.
Justice recommended,	15, 34, P. II.
Justification free,	32, 130.
	Kingdom,

I N D E X

K.

Kingdom, the Majesty of God's,	97, 99, 114.
— of Christ,	2, 21, 72, 96.
Kings admonished,	2, 101.
— the Care of Heaven,	21.

L.

Law, <i>see Word of God</i> ,	
Legal Sacrifices, how supplied,	4.
Liberality, (<i>see Charity</i>) its Blessedness,	112.
Liberty from Sin,	85.
Life its Vanity,	49, 89, 90, 144.
Longing after God,	27, 42, 63.
Love to God enforced,	31.
— of God better than Life,	63.
— unchangeable,	106, 146.
— to Enemies,	109.
— to our Neighbour and Brother,	15, 133.

M.

Magistrates admonished,	2, 58, 82, 101.
Man's mortality,	39, 89, 90, 144.
Malefactors prayed for,	79.
Mariners Psalm,	107.
Meditation, its Subjects,	1, 63, 119.
Melancholly reprov'd and removed,	42, 43, 77, 126.
Mercy the Delight of God,	116, 117, 118, 136, 145.
— common and special,	68, 103, 107, 139.
Ministers a Prayer for them,	132.
Mortality, <i>see Life, Man's, &c.</i>	

N.

Nations Honor and Safety,	46, 48, 67, 107, 124.
Natural Religion, <i>see Idolatry</i> ,	115.
Nature and Scripture compared,	19, 139.
Obedience,	

I N D E X.

O.

- Obedience sincere, 18, 119, 139.
- better than Sacrifice, 50, P. II.
- Oppression punished, 52, 94.
- Ordinances longed after, 42, 63.
- Orphans rely on, and are patronized by God, 10, 68, 82, 146.

P.

- Pardon, its Blessedness, 4, 25, 32, 38, 51, 103, 130.
 - Patience in Affliction, 39, 77.
 - under Persecution, 37, 44.
 - Peace with men desired, 120.
 - of the Church prayed for, 122.
 - domestic, 133.
 - Perfections of God; *see God*, 36, 111, 135, 147.
 - of the Law, 19, 119.
 - Persecuted Saints their Prayer, 35, 44, 80, 83.
 - Persecution, Victory in it, 7, 94.
 - Persecutors punished, 7, 10, 94, 129.
 - their Folly, 14, 35, 44, 83.
 - Perseverance, 16, 17, 37, 89.
 - Pestilence, Preservation in it, 91.
 - Portion of the Saints, 17, 73, 119, P. VII. 142.
 - of Sinners, 11, 17, 57.
 - Power belongs to God, 62, 68, 92, 145.
 - Praise to God from Children, 8, 138, 148.
 - for Creation and Providence, 33, 100, 104, 135.
 - for various Blessings, 65, 68, 95, 96, 98, 145, 146.
 - for the Revolution, 75.
 - for Health restored, 30, 116, 118.
 - from all Creatures, 148.
 - from all Nations, 117, 149, 150.
 - for Victory, *see Victory, &c.* 18.
 - for his Grace and Bounty, 147.
 - Prayer heard, 65, 102, 138.
 - for Mercy and Help, 13, 74, 119, P. XIX, & XXII.
- Prayer

I N D E X.

Prayer for Conduct and Support,	17, 73, 119, P. IV, IX, X.
— for Divine Instruction,	25, 34, 119. P. III.
— in public Danger,	20, 28, 35, 61, 64, 70, 79, 140.
— for Pardon and Recovery,	38, 39, 143.
— for the Church,	80, 122.
— for Ministers,	132.
— for Acceptance,	19, 141.
Preservation in public Dangers,	46, 91, 121.
Pride rebuked,	10, 12, 75, 138.
Priesthood of Christ,	110.
Promises and Threatnings,	89, 119.
Promotion, whence,	65, 75, 113.
Prosperity of Sinners their Destruction,	37, 49, 73.
Providence of God,	9, 34, 66, 71, 99, 104, 113, 121, 132.
— towards the Jews,	78.
Prudence,	39, 101.
Psalm for Princes and Magistrates,	101.
— for Soldiers,	18, 60.
— for Mariners,	107.
— of Praise,	135, 150.

Q.

Qualifications of a Christian,	15, 24.
Quarrellsome Neighbours,	120.
Quickening Grace,	134.

R.

Rain from Heaven,	65, 135, 147.
Recovery from Sicknes,	6, 30, 116.
Refuge of the Saints,	91.
Relative Duties and Blessings,	15, 127, 128, 133.
Relief in God,	43, 46, 121.
Repentance acceptable,	32, 38, 51, 119, P. VII. 130.
Resignation,	39, 123.
Resolutions after Amendment,	119, P. VII.
Restoring grace,	23, 38, 102, 116.
Resurrection, its joyful Hope,	16, 17, 49, 149.
Riches, their Vanity, <i>see Life</i> ,	49.
	Sacrifice

I N D E X.

S.

Sacrifice, <i>see Christ</i> ,	40, 51, 69.
Safety, <i>see Deliverance</i> ,	18, 61, 91.
Saints their End and Portion,	1, 24, 37, 150.
— tried and preserved,	11, 37, 46, 50, 125.
Salvation from God,	18, 69, 85, 98.
— great, wrought by God,	57, 61, 136.
Satan subdued,	3, 6, 13, 68.
Seasons of the Year,	65, 147.
Self Examination,	26, 139.
Sinners, all Men,	14, 51, 106, 130.
Slander punished,	52, 120.
Songs of Praise, <i>see Praise</i> ,	86, 108, 113, 150.
Souls in a separate State,	17, 90, 146, 149, 150.
Strength from God,	18, 71, 89.
Submission,	123, 131.
Sufferings, <i>see Affliction, Christ, &c.</i>	
Support in God,	16, 23, 55.

T.

Tempest, God over-rules it,	29, 135, 148.
Temptations overcome,	3, 6, 18, 55.
Tenderness of Conscience,	119, P. XV, & XVIII.
Thanks for Deliverance from Enemies,	54.
— for abounding Compassions,	103, 116, 118.
— for Jesus Christ,	96.
Times, evil,	11, 12.
Tongue, its Sins and Government,	12, 39.
Trial of our Graces,	17, 66, 125.
Trust, not in visible Means,	20, 33, 62, 115, 118, 146.
Tyranny of the wicked,	94.

V.

Vanity of Princes,	146.
— of Life and Riches,	39, 49, 144.
— of all Things without God,	127.
Victory over Enemies,	18, 20, 46, 47, 68, 144.
Vine and Vineyard, <i>see Church</i> ,	80.
Unity and Love,	133.
Universal	

I N D E X.

Universal Praise,	148.
Vows, Prayer for their Acceptance,	132.
Vows to be paid,	56, 61, 116.
Upright Man's End,	37.

W.

Waiting upon God, its Benefit,	40, 85.
Wandrings reviewed,	119, P. VII.
War, <i>see</i> <i>Victory</i> .	
Warning to Men in Power,	2, 58.
Watchfulness,	119. P. XIII. 141.
Wickedness of Man,	14, 36, 51.
Widows the Care of Heaven,	146.
Word of God its, Excellency and Stability,	19, 119.
	P. XII.
— our Support,	119. P. VI, XI.
— our Delight,	19, 119. P. XIII, XXI.
— a Light to our Feet,	119. P. XIV, XVII.
Works of Creation and Providence,	19, 104, 147, 148.
Worship, its Purity to be regarded,	81, 89.
— its Beauty and Order,	48.
— daily,	134, 141.
— public,	63, 84, 122, 132.
— delight in it,	84, 122.

Y.

Youth, praising God,	8, 148.
— how preserved from Pollution,	119. P. II.

Z.

Zeal in Duty,	63, 119, P. V, XVI, XVII.
— mocked by the Prophane,	39.
— of Christ,	69.

The E N D.



